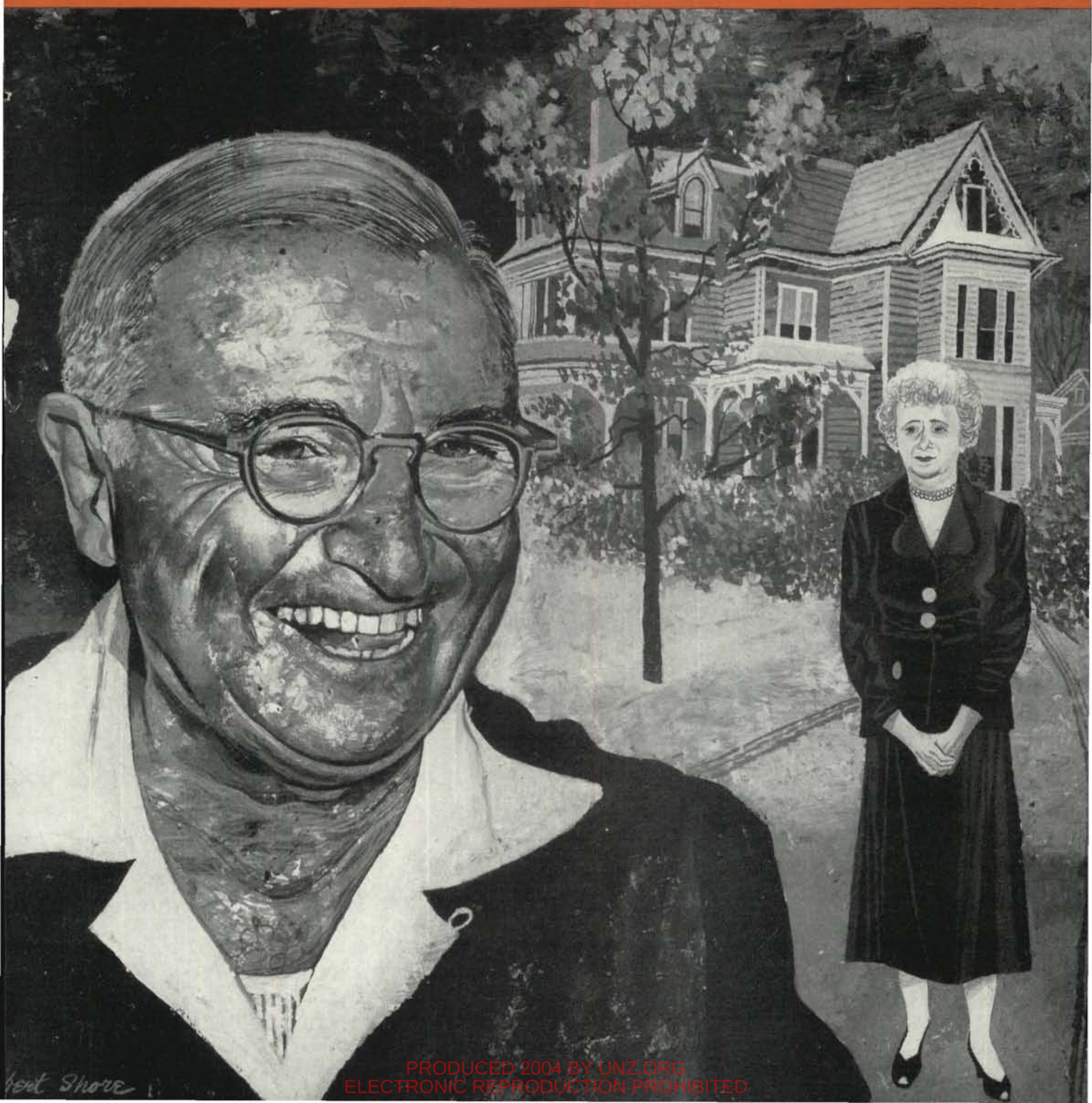
The Kremlin's Dream for Germany

The Reporter

May 13, 1952 25c

H.S.T. and History



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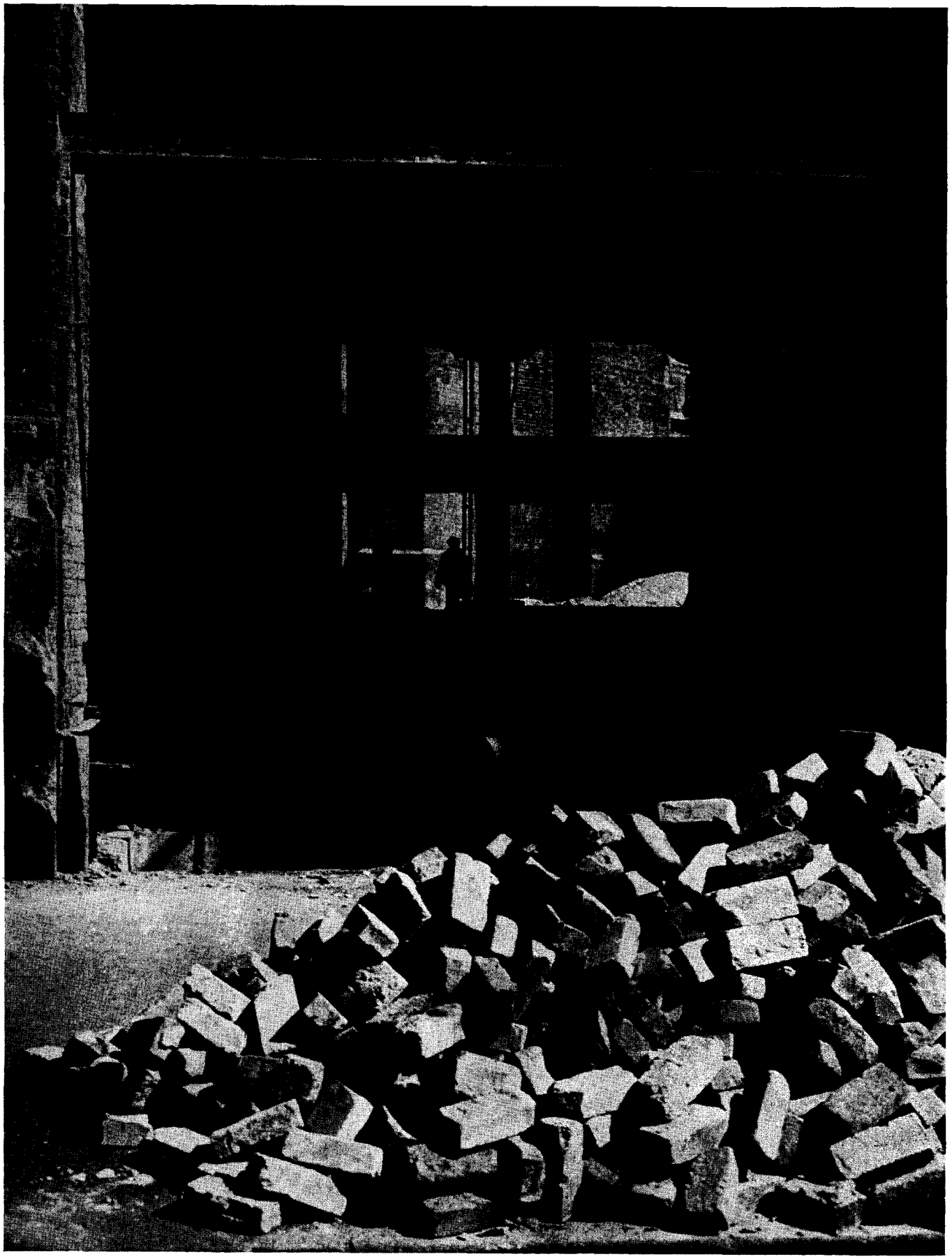

Germany: the vanishing rubble

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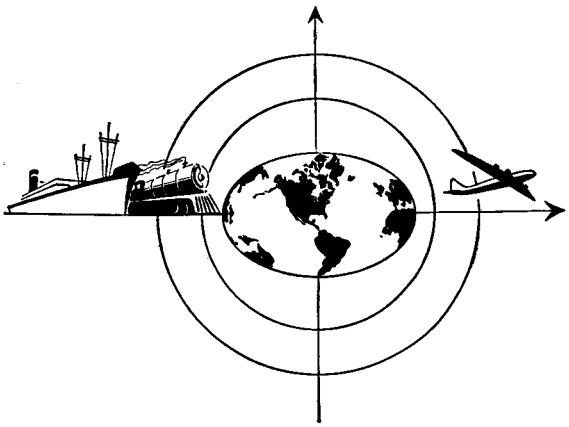

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The China Lobby (Cont'd)

Certain things happened immediately before and immediately after the publication of our China Lobby story that were nearly as revealing as the story itself.

A few days before our second and final installment went to press, we received a word of warning, through discreet intermediaries, from Chinese authorities in the United States. They understood that we were going to publish some documents—the cables, we presumed, sent to Chiang Kai-shek by his agents over here—and these documents, they said, might be fraudulent. Indeed, they told us that documents had been peddled around to a number of other publications, which had been smart enough to turn them down. Was *The Reporter* going to be the victim of a plant? The Chinese Nationalists, we were told, would be glad to examine the documents and pass judgment on their authenticity. Somewhat stunned by the offer, we gratefully turned it down, for we had some qualms as to the objectivity and disinterestedness of this expert advice.

A few days later, on Thursday, April 10, Senator Wayne Morse read into the *Congressional Record* the text of twenty-three messages that had been cabled to Chiang Kai-shek by his representatives. Of these twenty-three we published sixteen in our issues of April 15 and 29.

Immediately, the two Chinese Embassy officials who, according to the texts released by Senator Morse and by *The Reporter,* had sent the cables, Counselor Chen Chih-mai of the Chinese Embassy and Brigadier General Peter T. K. Pee, addressed a spirited denial to Senator Morse, who, of course, published their letter in the *Congressional Record* of April 16.

The Counselor and the General wrote in part: "The cabled reports you introduced were all from Gen. P. T. Mow to Mr. H. T. Chou, secretary of the office of the President of China, although from time to time General Mow had made use of information which we had given him, sometimes verbally and sometimes in penciled notes. We wish also to point out that these cabled reports were all signed by General Mow himself before they were despatched, as the unexpurgated copies of the originals will undoubtedly show." All this would seem to mean that General Mow was the transmitter of the cables that "went out to Chiang Kai-shek from Chinese officials in Washington," as Senator Morse remarked. It also seems to mean that the cables were far from being a fraud or a plant.

General Mow, at the time, had been chief of the Chinese aeronautical commission in Washington, and it is conceivable that Chen Chih-mai and General Pee chose this particular channel for communicating with Formosa out of a reluctance to let the higher echelons of the Embassy know what they were doing.

General Mow, as a matter of fact, is an ideal candidate for scapegoat or fall guy. Since the cables were sent, he has accused Nationalist officials of embezzlement and misappropriation of Chinese government funds. He was dismissed and denounced, together with his assistant, Colonel Hsiang, for alleged misconduct in Washington.

As for Lobby activity, according to Chen and Pee, Mow was the only Nationalist who did any such thing. He was the one who hired public-relations men, won over Washington politicians, and sent the troubled report, published in our last issue, that Averell Harriman, aside from being a "rich man's son," is "very scrupulous."

So Mow was the only bad apple. There is the sinister sound of his name, easily confused with that of Mao, the Communist leader. He might well have been Mao's double, planted in Washington to misappropriate Chinese government funds and dabble in Lobby activities, while Counselor Chen Chih-mai balanced teacups day and night and General Pee played with tin soldiers.

THE remarks of some editorial writers and radio commentators on our China Lobby story were no more eloquent than the silence of certain others. We have particularly in mind those newspapers dedicated to reporting all the news that's fit to print. Apparently, our China Lobby story was not fit. It pointed out only how the concerted action of Chinese officials and American citizens has set our Far Eastern policy adrift, demoralized our Foreign Service, and unleashed a wave of demagoguery that threatens both our national unity and our free institutions.

Many people may think all this has no news value these days. Perhaps they are right.

AS FOR a Congressional investigation, Elmer Davis has, as usual, put the prospects tartly: ". . . there is not what might appropriately be called a Chinaman's chance that any Congressional committee will ever conduct such an investigation."

Of all the editorial comments our story received—numerous and heart-

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ening — the most eloquent, in our opinion, was in an independent Republican paper, the Boston *Herald-Traveler*: "The China Lobby must be fully investigated sooner or later. Failure to do so now is almost proof on the face of it that the influence of this lobby is very great indeed."

Incidentally, we will have a lot more to say, directly and indirectly, on the China Lobby. We recommend to the attention of our readers the article by Isaac Deutscher in this issue.

Our Mossadeghs

It is true that we are having plenty of trouble in Europe, the Far East, and the Middle East; but that is no reason for overlooking Latin America. Ugly things have been happening down there, the latest being the revolution in Bolivia. We are inclined to dismiss these army uprisings as the traditional Latino way of getting some fun out of politics, a consolation for people who have no great chance to make history.

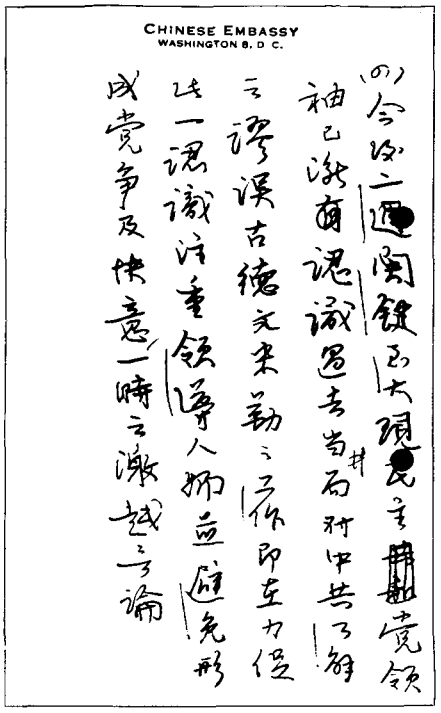
We had better shake off our complacency, for now the Latin-American revolutions have both a pattern and a stimulus, provided by the two Peróns, Mr. and Mrs. The blend is always the same: social justice, as it is called, rabid nationalism, and violent anti-gringoism. To the traditional revolutionary forces, soldiers and students, a new one has been added—trade unions. In the dictator-controlled countries, these unions are quite different from what we call legitimate or free trade unions. Up here, they would be called either state-controlled company unions or goon-ruled unions. Nevertheless, they indicate the trend of the new Latin-American dictatorships: to adopt some of the up-to-date appurtenances of democracy to defeat democracy. The Italians had a name for it: Fascism.

Yet it is difficult to know whether these Latin-American dictators like Paz Estenssoro are Fascist, or Communist, or somewhere in between. They genially adopt Mussolini's corporativism and Marx's class struggle, and put their greatest emphasis on the point where both totalitarianisms agree—which is anti-Americanism.

OUR COUNTRY is vitally concerned with Bolivian tin, Venezuelan oil, Guatemalan fruits. In the latter two countries, American companies have large investments and, particularly in recent years, have done more to improve the lot of the native workers than all the revolutions combined. But the threat of Latin-American Mossadeghs lurks on the horizon, with its accompanying features: nationalism, expulsion of foreign technicians, and, eventually, preferential treatment to the Communist bloc.

We should remember this and be a little less smug about Britain's plight in the Near East.

Significantly enough, Perón has gone with renewed vigor into the business of stirring up Latin-American Mossadeghs since he achieved the astonishing result of reducing to near bankruptcy the wealthiest nation in the Southern Hemisphere. Dictators usually go on an expansionistic rampage when things are not going well at home.


CHINESE EMBASSY
WASHINGTON 8, D. C.

Several readers have asked to see an original script of the cables to Chiang Kai-shek which played so important a part in our series of the China Lobby. Here is a portion of the August 1, 1949, message (quoted on page 8 of the April 29 issue of The Reporter) *which refers to the activities of William J. Goodwin, then a paid Nationalist agent. In brief, it reads: "Goodwin . . . [is] working in an effort to disillusion the leaders of the Democratic Party about the Chinese Communists. We are being very careful to avoid a partisan conflict and emotional attacks."*

Nationalism Can Do No Wrong

Our French allies have taken quite a pounding lately because of the way they have treated the Tunisian nationalists. And, for a change, Mr. Acheson has been bitterly criticized, but this time by a different set of critics: the friends of nationalism-at-large. He should, they say, have let the discussion on Tunisia be brought before the United Nations. The use of having the United Nations discuss conflicts that it cannot settle—this is something we cannot quite make out.

Probably the French authorities in Tunisia acted with excessive toughness in handling the extreme Tunisian nationalists. But that is rather difficult to judge at this distance, just as it is difficult to know whether the nationalist leaders are capable of bearing national and international responsibility or, if entrusted with power, of improving the lot of their own people. Of course, the era of colonialism is gone, and of course it has been replaced by less recognizable types of imperialist exploitation, like Communism, or, for that matter, like Peronism.

But all this does not mean that anyone anywhere who calls himself a nationalist should be able to count, as if we were a sort of automatic Legal Aid Society, on American support. National independence can be a calamity to a people, and to the rest of the world, if its leaders do not know that independence means partnership in the international community. Nehru said it best: A new nation cannot be like a frog at the bottom of a well.

TO HELP along the severing of the new nations from the old, diplomatic and technical assistance, unglamorous but effective, is far more in order than U.N. debates. Nothing can ultimately be more fatal to the international organization than to become the repository of all the noble intentions, the custodian of all the universal rights, which no universal power can enforce. Neither can the U.N. be the midwife of all the nations to be born. Just let's look at Libya.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHINA LOBBY

To the Editor: I have read with particular interest your blurb about *The Reporter's* efforts at ferreting out the China Lobby. In this you are endeavoring to destroy the only decent contact the United States has with the Asiatic continent. It would be of interest if in your propaganda for subscriptions you would name the list of your backers. It must be the same group that has so effectively turned over the continent of Asia to the Communists. It is strange that such propaganda as this against our national welfare can be sent through the mails uncensored. It is my guess that Drew Pearson, Senator Benton, and Chester Bowles are actively your sponsors and probably secretly you have Owen Lattimore on your staff. It would be of great interest to me to know whether the Kremlin is lending you any support.

Can it be that *The Reporter* is a revival of *Amerasia* magazine?

GEORGE EVERSON
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: Thank you for the vigorous job that *The Reporter* is doing. I was certainly impressed with the comprehensive and detailed analysis that you have made of the China Lobby.

I think perhaps your attention has been called to some of the articles that the magazine I am responsible for, *motive, the Magazine of the Methodist Student Movement*, has been carrying in analysis of periodicals available to the American reading public. Of the entire list of periodicals considered, I think the most enthusiastic praise went to *The Reporter*.

ROGER ORTMAYER
Nashville, Tennessee

To the Editor: "The China Lobby" is a bang-up job in the old St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* tradition. It should rate a Pulitzer Prize.

JOHN C. HANSEN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE YEARBOOK—PRO

To the Editor: The fact that I want to write to you to express my appreciation for *The Political Yearbook* gives me the opportunity to write a word of commendation about *The Reporter* as well.

For years we have been looking for a magazine that would give us the facts as they are now presented in *The Reporter* and I can assure you that the magazine is eagerly sought for by all members of my family. *The Political Yearbook* is beautifully gotten together and is an invaluable history of the political events of 1951. I wish I could say it contains an optimistic report for the year, but that is just what we like about *The Reporter*. It gives us the facts as they are without overdue embellishment or bias of any sort. Keep up the good work.

HERBERT N. MORFORD
Syracuse, New York

To the Editor: Because *The Reporter* is in fact a reporter of truths and public expressions not found in any other publication, I have been most proud to be on your mailing list.

The Reporter is unique and is filling a timely and valuable need to persons who desire the truth about world issues, leaders and historic events. In making available to your readers *The Political Yearbook—1951*, you have scored another high mark of achievement.

T. D. DAVIS
Jackson, Mississippi

To the Editor: *The Political Yearbook—1951* is excellent in every respect. Of course, one who knows *The Reporter* would expect nothing but the best. I hope that you plan to make this an annual affair.

In my work here in the Department of International Justice and Goodwill of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, I find *The Reporter* my most valuable single source of fact and insight on international affairs. It is an indispensable supplement to the current intelligence carried by a responsible newspaper.

I am recommending heartily *The Reporter* to all persons interested in understanding the realities of world politics.

ERNEST LEFEVER
New York City

To the Editor: I am delighted to receive a copy of *The Political Yearbook—1951*. Compiling as it does the most significant articles of the year in a well-categorized selection of vital areas of interest, it will be a most valuable addition to my reference library.

This letter gives me an opportunity to congratulate you for *The Reporter's* consistently level-headed editorial policy in backgrounding, clarifying, and pinpointing the complex and often confused issues of our time.

With all best wishes for bigger and better circulation of your excellent magazine, and many thanks to you for the welcome dividend.

NORTHROP DAWSON, JR.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the Editor: Thanks for *The Political Yearbook*. It is a fitting topper to a year of sound political reporting. Some articles have appeared in *The Reporter* which I didn't like. That is natural, of course; otherwise it would indicate biased, one-facet thinking.

As long as you follow the good old honest American way of "calling 'em as you see 'em" you will retain readers and gain many more. Retain the objective you now have, keep us aware of the many-sided forces which presently influence our way of life.

FRANK R. KEW
Bloomfield, New Jersey

To the Editor: I think that your *Yearbook* is a masterly job. Are additional copies of this available? I know of a few deluded minds, not completely fossilized by MacArthuritis, who perhaps could be benefited.

Send me some subscription cards and I will try to get you some new subscribers.

HARRY SIMS BENT
Pasadena, California

THE YEARBOOK—CON

To the Editor: I wish to thank you and your staff for the copy of the *Political Yearbook* which I received just the other day.

But the tone is too gloomy. I opened the cover, only to see in full color the world, drawing up its battle lines; I turned to the contents to stare at "War," "Debate," "Fear," "Mobilization," . . . and "Progress" —progress mainly in unifying for defense.

The Reporter is fair and honest, and gives good coverage in its articles. But the *Yearbook* should do more than sum up the facts of a past year—a year of emphasis on military might. Let us hear more of the positive achievements.

Certainly many of the commissions of the United Nations should have encouraging reports. What has been done under the "Point Four" program? What has been the progress of the many private agencies which have been working for peace directly?

It is important that as readers we have some freshening influence in our reading so that we do not drift into interpreting domestic and international news for its military strategy implications alone.

All of us need to have a firm basis for the hope that peace can be wrested from this fearful world without undergoing an atomic war. Resignation breeds despondency and fear. Your *Yearbook* could better have "accentuated the positive."

RICHARD J. LEUBA
Seattle, Washington

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U. S. Possessions: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address.

in this issue . . .

The issue of Germany, like the soil of Germany, is where the free and the Communist worlds meet most dangerously in Europe. The German issue, too, is one on which the Russians, for all their reputed diabolical logic, have been far more floundering and inconsistent than we have. *The Reporter* presents several inside views of Germany, along with an editorial on Stalin's motives in courting Nazis and neutralists at the temporary expense of his own parties in western Europe. . . .

Don Cook is a correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* in Germany. . . . **George N. Shuster,** president of Hunter College, served as U.S. High Commissioner of Bavaria. . . . **Ernest Leiser** is a correspondent for the Overseas News Agency in Germany. . . . **Jonathan Daniels,** editor of the Raleigh (North Carolina) *News and Observer*, wrote *The Man of Independence*. . . . **Eli Waldron** has contributed to *Collier's*, the *Kenyon Review*, and *Holiday*. . . . **Harold C. Fleming's** reports from the South have appeared previously in this magazine. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** wrote *Stalin: a Political Biography*. . . . **Henri Marche** is the pseudonym of a French writer who contributes frequently to this magazine. . . . **Oden** and **Olivia Meeker** have written for the *New Yorker*. . . . **J. K. Galbraith,** an economist on the faculty of Harvard University, wrote *American Capitalism*. . . . **McGeorge Bundy** recently edited the political writings of Dean Acheson. . . . Cover by **Robert Shore;** inside cover photograph from **Black Star,** drawings from *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg*.

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Stalin Makes Up His Mind

AT LONG LAST, the Russians have come out with *their* proposal for Germany—a united, sovereign, remilitarized Germany. The slamming of the German card on the table had been awaited by western diplomats since before V.-E. Day, when two German commanders captured at Stalingrad, von Seydlitz and von Paulus, helped hatch the Communist-inspired National Committee for a Free Germany. Yet for eight years this card remained stuck in Stalin's sleeve. Why did he wait so long?

The answer is that for years, the Russians could not decide what to do about Germany, even the section of Germany they control. Their fear of Germany was always stronger than their greed. Would a rebuilt Germany be safe for Soviet exploitation? Could the Russians, when they blockaded Berlin, shake off the symbolic vestiges of four-power control and plunge into the conquest of the whole country? At that time, the western democracies had strength of will, as the Airlift showed, but not strength of arms. Was Stalin restrained by the fear of our atom bombs or by the harrowing thought that the Germans would be too hard to break in?

Now the Russians seem to have overcome most, if not all, of their qualms. Their spell of indecisiveness seems to be over, and they have dared to do what they could have done any time during the last seven or eight years. They have done it on a high diplomatic plane in a fresh flush of confidence in four-power co-operation. Yet they have always sabotaged the four-power machinery for the control of Germany—with good reason, one may add, for in Austria they have seen how four-power supervision, decently enforced, prevents the victory of the Communist Party.

Nineteen hundred and fifty-two, four years after the Prague coup, is a late date for any experiment in Communist-democratic co-operation, either in controlling elections or in establishing coalition Governments. It is an impossibly late year for "united" or "popular" fronts. But in this very year, the Russians have urged a new try at four-power co-operation; they have made a bid for alliance not only with democratic forces but with former Nazis; and finally, they have declared themselves for a united, rearmed—and neutral—Germany.

What Ails Them?

The Russian leaders know the risk they will be running if the three democracies, or a special U.N. commission, effectively guarantee the freedom of an all-German election. United Germany would never vote itself a "People's Democracy." A reborn unified Germany might be a troublesome neighbor for the Soviet bloc—particularly if the seeds of Nazism are once more given a chance to grow.

The men in the Kremlin would not dream of such a reckless venture were it not for their desperate wish to ward off what, for them, is a far greater danger: a democratic West Germany within a united Europe, partner in the Atlantic alliance and in the interlocking system of commonwealths and federations that is led but not ruled by the United States. The men in the Kremlin cannot stand by and watch this system grow. For it is a new, a revolutionary thing, destined to give new shape to domestic and international politics all over the world. Freedom may work in countries where it never had a chance; standards of living may rise without collectivization and the knout; men may find new ways out of the conflicts among nations and opposing interests within nations.

To counteract such a threat to the very survival of their rule, the men in the Kremlin have decided upon the new twist in their policy. They are for nationalism and for the sacredness of national sovereignty in every country they do not control. They keep clamoring for peace and enlisting "peace fighters," but this is now their secondary line. They can do without the more or less well-meaning dupes, the Red Deans or befuddled noble souls, for their best allies are the most rabidly intransigent nationalists in every country, East and West, Asia and Europe.

Stalin wants to see all non-Communist nations neutralized by permanent, insoluble conflicts, so that

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they have no energy left to pool in newfangled experiments like NATO or United Europe. For the time being at least, his major aim is not to raise the Red Flag in the capitals of non-Communist nations. He is satisfied if the men in power, no matter what their politics, are feeble, insecure, and trapped in paralyzing difficulties.

This applies even to Germany, the nation the Russians fear the most. They count on a Germany of the Weimar type, torn between Communists and Nazis, Socialists and Christian Democrats, Catholics and Protestants, workers and industrialists. A Germany for the Germans, tumultuous and chaotic, is vastly preferable, from the Communist viewpoint, to the Germany that could grow out of the Schuman Plan and the European army.

Nationalism and P. R.

If every European nation rots within its sacred borders and every political party remains unchanged in its strength and outlook, the Kremlin won't have much to fear. The Communists inside each country can, at least for a while, take a back seat and restrict themselves to exalting and exploiting nationalism and proportional representation, which keeps political deadlocks unbroken. For the rest, they are quite broad-minded in entrusting to other political forces, frequently of a feverishly anti-Communist character, the fulfillment of their major ambition: the neutralization of each country from within.

THIS pattern of Communist action can be seen in Italy too. Pietro Nenni, the leader of the still strong, fellow-traveling Socialist Party, has recently made open overtures to Prime Minister De Gasperi. If there is proportional representation in the next political elections, a year from now, Nenni's party would quietly break out of its alliance with the Communists and run independently. After the election, Nenni would be willing to enter a coalition Government led by the Christian Democrats—provided Italy becomes "a neutral partner" of the Atlantic alliance. Presumably, this would mean that Italy could share some of the benefits of the Atlantic pact while avoiding its military risks.

There are some leaders in the Italian Government who do not look unfavorably on Nenni's scheme, while another Italian leader, who is not in the Government, the Communist Palmiro Togliatti, maintains a benign silence. If the plan goes through, Italy is neutralized. Should the Christian Democratic Party, on the contrary, lean toward the Right and seek the support of Fascist or semi-Fascist forces, the result might be a simmering civil war, and Italy's war potential would be sterilized. Either way Togliatti can't lose.

The Communist policy is to court all those forces within each nation that want to maintain an equal distance between the Communists and the democratic bloc. Some of these are of a religious or otherworldly or arch-reactionary nature, but the Communists don't care. If Germany and Italy fall out, the alliance will crumble. For all the other continental nations, the Russians count on weak Governments, nationalism, and proportional representation. In Britain, Bevanism is their hope, in the United States resurgent isolationism. For the time being at least, in the Kremlin's scheme, the Communist Parties seem to have become somewhat obsolete.

SHAPE Did It

The system of interlocking alliances is still far from the military strength that our leaders consider a necessary condition for fruitful negotiation with Soviet Russia. Yet what has been achieved at SHAPE headquarters and in the Allied chancelleries must be portentous enough, to judge from the way the men in the Kremlin have reacted. For some reason, although the Russians have powerful armies within their borders and strong insurrectionary parties in the enemy camp, they seem afraid to unleash either. They have preferred to connive with political groups of all sorts, Nazis included, in advocating other people's neutrality.

But here, too, they run a risk, for neutralism, though widely diffused all over Europe, has never been politically articulate. Now that it has received Communist sponsorship, it is becoming an openly debated issue. No matter what disguise it tries to put on, European neutralism is nothing but naked pro-Communism. The sentiment for United Europe, which until now has been vague and without recognizable mass support, has found its deadly enemy.

THOSE WHO believe in freedom, in Europe or in our country, now have a magnificent opportunity: They can show not in abstract but in the most practical terms that Communism stands for seedy conservatism, for the perpetuation of everything that keeps men divided and confused and hopeless—that, in the truest sense, it is the greatest enemy of progress. The first people to whom this must be shown are the Germans, and the democracies can well take up the challenge of German unification.

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Konrad Adenauer: The Fox of Bonn

DON COOK

SELDOM in history, to paraphrase Winston Churchill, has a statesman emerged so late in life, with so little evident preparation for a historic role, to win such respect and success as Dr. Konrad Adenauer, seventy-six-year-old Chancellor of West Germany.

There was virtually nothing in the first seventy years of Konrad Adenauer's life to point any finger of destiny at the man. Yet it is not too much to say that he is the one statesman in Europe today whose sudden removal from the scene would seriously endanger, if not undermine and topple, the whole edifice of the "integrated western European community" that is so slowly and painfully being built. To a large degree, it is Konrad Adenauer who has been welcomed back in Europe and not the West German nation. Suspicion and fear of Germany run high in France; a certain contempt, aloofness, and moral resentment run high in Great Britain. These Chancellor Adenauer has personally surmounted; and the only German politicians who stand in the wings to take over from him are of such untried and uncertain political ability or are such bull-in-the-china-shop nationalists that no American or European governmental leader would give a fifty-fifty chance of ever bringing Germany into the western European community if the Chancellor were suddenly to go.

Dr. Adenauer has built this position —again largely a personal one—out of sincerity and idealism that are recognized and respected by the men he deals with. In addition, he has shown tactical skill without which no statesman is worth much, and a historic sense of the inherent strength of the German nation —defeated, split, and occupied though it may be.

"I trust Adenauer, but the Germans . . ." has become almost a stock phrase in Bonn, if not all over Europe. Yet this appraisal only underlines the dual strength the Chancellor enjoys. In his game of four-power bridge he has been holding at least eleven of the thirteen trumps.

A Career Starts at 73

If, because he is their respected and trusted ally, the western powers grant Adenauer an advantage, then he is applauded in West Germany as a Chancellor bringing his country rapidly back into nationhood. If the western Allies become irritated with his demands and choose to resist or turn him down, then he goes to the German people as the aggrieved German nationalist and again wins applause. Then, having raised the lid ever so slightly on the Pandora's box of German nationalism, Dr. Adenauer can turn to the Allies and ask that they strengthen his hand against extremists. It usually works, and he usually wins all the tricks.

This is not to accuse Dr. Adenauer of intellectual dishonesty or of insincerity. It is merely an oversimplification of what has become a predictable rhythm of German-Allied political relations, and a tribute to the tactical skill of the "Old Fox," as he is called in Bonn.

So it is that Konrad Adenauer has not only become a "strong" Chancellor at home—to the frequent dismay of the Allied High Commissioners—but also the symbol of the painful reconstruction of Franco-German understanding (frequently without much help from the French). Upon the Chancellor depend the success of the Schuman Plan; the negotiation, passage, and establishment of the European army project; the working out of the "contractual agreement" by which the Allies are now attempting to restore *de facto* sover-

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eignty to the Bonn government; Germany's strengthening of the Strasbourg Council of Europe; and perhaps most basic and important of all, the successful steering of West Germany away from the attractive but dangerous course of "neutralism" between West and East.

The Americans have vastly strengthened his hand by adding to this the insistence that only if West Germany raises substantial military forces can western Europe ultimately achieve security, and it is clear that only Dr. Adenauer could possibly steer such a move through the complications of European negotiation and internal German politics.

Where Dr. Adenauer gained the skill and ability to maneuver and manage in the complex political world in which he suddenly found himself at the age of seventy-three is likely to puzzle, if not defeat, any future biographer. A rabid Chancellor would have never gained the confidence and the concessions of the Allies, and a weak Chancellor would have been even worse. Dr. Adenauer has carefully and farsightedly walked, a little on the rabid side, toward his goal of a strong Germany, sitting as an equal in western Europe, and, he is personally convinced, cooperating in European political decisions. This last is the Allied nightmare and the Allied calculated risk.

The Quiet Life

Konrad Adenauer was born in Cologne on January 5, 1876. He studied law at the Universities of Freiburg, Munich, and Bonn, and then entered Rhineland politics in the city of his birth. In the fashion of German local government, which is more like Wall Street law practice than politics, he went up the ladder in the firm until in 1917 he was Lord High Mayor of Cologne—"my beloved Cologne," he still calls it.

This was the satisfaction and the end of Dr. Adenauer's ambition. He was prominent, happy, and contented. He dabbled slightly in Weimar Republic politics and in the Berlin politics of the 1920's, but his heart was in Cologne. An ardent Roman Catholic, he chose the socially conscious Catholic Center Party for his national political operations and shunned the Nazis completely.

Then, in 1933, the remnants of the Weimar Republic were swept away by Hitler, and in March Dr. Adenauer was suspended as Cologne mayor, as were dozens of other burgomeisters all over Germany. Five months later he was dismissed from office and imprisoned briefly.

Released, he returned to the Rhineland, where he simply faded into the hills and vineyards, a man of fifty-eight with no apparent future and not a very exciting past. A few investments, a few business interests, some legal work from those who respected and looked after him in Cologne banking circles—these provided him with a quiet life at his country home on the banks of the Rhine about thirty miles south of Cologne, in the shadow of the Drachenfels.

As a permanent fixture on the Gestapo's "suspect" list, Dr. Adenauer led a careful life. It could not be claimed—nor has it been claimed—that he promptly formed a resistance cell or did anything very dramatic. Even so, after the July 20, 1944, bomb plot against Hitler, he was again picked up and spent another eight weeks in a concentration camp. When released, he took refuge in a Rhineland monastery near Coblenz, remaining in seclusion until the Allied armies advanced to the Rhine in March, 1945, and the final collapse of Germany began.

When he was seventy, Dr. Adenauer's career came briefly to life again—but only briefly. The United States First Army, which captured Cologne, immediately reinstalled him as Lord Mayor, but there followed a twist of fate that must have brought the old man's hopes very nearly to an end.

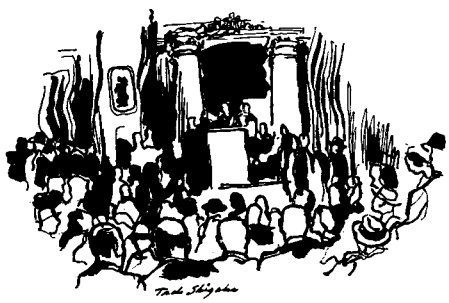
When the war ended and the Allied armies withdrew to their fixed occupation zones, Cologne was taken over by the British. The British commandant was a particularly rigid and stern type of a kind not uncommon in those postwar days. One day, driving to his office through the ruins of the city, he arrived to find a collection of German complaints on his desk. This threw him into a fit of temper. He summarily ordered Dr. Adenauer removed from office for failure to press forward with his duties and get on with cleaning up the rubble of Cologne.

Today Adenauer is mellow and amusing about the affair when he recounts it to visitors, as he frequently does—British visitors especially. "I am the only German who has the distinction of being removed from office by both Hitler and the British."

But he is bitter about the fact that the commandant ordered him banished to his home thirty miles from Cologne, and would permit him to return only twice a week to visit his second wife, who was seriously ill in a Cologne hospital. She was subsequently moved to the Drachenfels home, where not long afterwards she died.

Per Aspera . . .

If there is a clue to Chancellor Adenauer's resiliency and skill in the handling of his office today, it probably lies in these two political setbacks. From each he gained strength. From his dismissal by the Nazis he gained a clear record and the initial confidence of the Allies—a politician of experience whose record was above reproach in postwar Germany. From the dismissal by the British he gained prestige before the Germans—he obviously was not a tool of the occupation authorities.



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He surely came to realize in his eighth decade, when so few men can continue to grow in flexibility, that no setback is permanent, and that there is usually a way out of every problem. It is a lesson, moreover, that very few German political leaders ever learn. Usually they are fluctuating violently from wild optimism to bleak pessimism, and are continually expending vast emotion and energy on problems or issues that are not basic.

This has not been a fault of Chancellor Adenauer. He has kept his focus on his strategic objectives, and though he has sometimes flailed at tactical problems violently, he has always had the strategic ones in mind.

Dismissed by the British commandant in October, 1945, Dr. Adenauer began gathering into his limp, elderly hands the threads of political life that were beginning to spin again in those early occupation days. As a Catholic, he chose the Christian Democratic Party of Schuman in France and De Gasperi in Italy as his postwar political home. (It is an interesting sidelight on postwar European history and diplomacy that these three men all are Catholic, all speak German, and all were subjects of the German-Austrian coalition in the First World War.)

In 1946, the western Allies authorized the first local elections in their occupation zones, and in 1947 statewide and zone-wide German political advisory bodies were organized under military government administration. Dr. Adenauer played his part in each of these developments, and then in 1948 the western Allies moved forward with the formation of the Bonn Parliamentary Council to begin the drafting of a constitution for a German Federal State.

Now head of the Christian Democrats in the most populous state of West Germany—North Rhine-Westphalia, where the Ruhr industrial complex lies —Dr. Adenauer was appointed chairman of the Constitutional Council, which, under the close but discreet watch of Allied observers, spent the months from September, 1948, until May, 1949, in drafting a basic law for the West German Republic.

From then on it was a simple progression for Adenauer through the elections of September, 1949, which were won by the right-wing parties, to the formation of a coalition later that

Konrad Adenauer

month and his election in his seventy-third year to the Chancellorship of West Germany.

The Strong Chancellor

The almost proverbial inability of German statesmen to see beyond the nose of national face, and to take into account in diplomacy the moods and reactions they are likely to arouse in other countries, was once summarized by Harold Nicolson, the British diplomatic historian, in an analysis of the results of the Moroccan crisis which Prince von Bülow precipitated on behalf of Kaiser Wilhelm in 1905.

"Their strategical objective was to detach France from England and to incorporate her, together with Russia, in a continental alliance," he wrote. "Their tactical objection was to exploit the Morocco question as a means toward this end. Unfortunately they were never clear in their own minds as to what was strategy and what tactics. They thus expended upon the Morocco question a degree of violence which should have been reserved for wider operations. They became so blinded by their own anger, by their thoughts of national dignity, that they confused the means with the end.

"Thus, while obtaining, more or less, an empty and ephemeral triumph [in intimidating France and forcing the dismissal of M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister] they failed entirely to secure the strategical objectives which they had, or ought to have had, in view [having alarmed England into closer alliance with France]. Their position after the diplomatic campaign was infinitely worse than it had been before."

The affair was, in fact, a historic turning point on the road to the Grand Alliance which fought Germany in the First World War.

Although Konrad Adenauer's two-and-a-half year record as head of the new German state is a somewhat emotional one, he has not, on the whole, confused his ultimate objectives with his immediate problems. In this he has been a vast improvement in European partnership over German Chancellors and Foreign Ministers since Bismarck. Of course he does not carry a big stick, and therefore it is all the more incumbent upon him that he speak softly.

Be that as it may, he has kept the strategic objective of a German partnership with the West firmly in his sights. There have been plenty of times in Bonn when he has given the public lead to a "sky-is-falling" reaction to some situation that has arisen or some move of the French or the other Allies. But there has usually been a note of flexibility behind it—an indication that the Chancellor felt that he had to let German emotional steam blow off and would be in full control again when the safety valve had done its work.

The over-all picture is therefore on the credit side—though it has been an exceedingly uncomfortable and awkward day-to-day problem for the western Allies on many occasions.

When Konrad Adenauer became Chancellor he clearly had to be a strong Chancellor and to make West Germany strong. He had to have this objective because Germans demand it of their leaders, and no amount of defeat in war or of de-Nazification or of democratization can change the ingrained German desire to be strong. He had to satisfy the German desire for strength and nationhood on the one hand and avoid destroying the confidence of the Allies on the other.

No Neutralism

To his firm credit, Konrad Adenauer has refused anything less than complete, outright rejection of the "neutralist" approach to a solution of the German problem. He has held to this course frequently at the risk of his own political strength inside Germany. It has reached the point at times where he has talked privately more like American High Commissioner John J. Mc-

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Cloy than like the German Chancellor. But his first and constant effort has been to reassure the western Allies that Germany is firmly committed to western Europe.

On German unity he has stood almost blindly firm in the face of East German enticements. On the East-West trade question he has used his influence in seeking to dissuade his Ruhr industrialist supporters not to prejudice Germany's future by playing a trading game. He has been almost dangerously zealous in cracking down on the Communist Party in West Germany—for in the process he has embarrassed the Allied and German official position that "truly free elections" are the way to unify the nation.

From this unswerving base of foreign policy he has operated in two directions: the first to bargain, cajole, demand, and extract every concession he sees possible from the western Allies to enhance West German strength; the second to play the good European abroad—in the OEEC in Paris, in the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, in the Schuman Plan negotiations, in the European army negotiations, in the European Payments Union, and in his own increasingly frequent personal appearances in Paris, London, Rome, and elsewhere.

The Tactical Pattern

In striving for the first of these objectives—the internal strengthening of the sovereignty of the West German state —Dr. Adenauer has followed an almost rhythmic tactical pattern from the first: listening to what the High Commissioners wanted him to do, examining, then defying, then negotiating, accepting, and often reversing and starting all over again.

This was true from the very first week he took over in September, 1949, when he defied the Allies on their decision on devaluation, then accepted a compromise decision and eventually won the full bill of particulars he originally sought. It was true on the argument over dismantling of German industries when he balked, accepted, and then reversed himself and got the Allies eventually to agree to what amounted to ninety-five per cent of his original demands.

It was his tactic when the High Commissioners used their veto—for the first and only time—on the German in-

come-tax reduction law of April, 1950. The Chancellor accepted the reasons for the veto, which was withdrawn on the promise of corrective luxury-tax legislation to follow—but it was ten months before the law was passed, and by that time the fact that it did not live up to the terms of the April agreement had long been forgotten.

It was his tactic on decartelization of industry, when the Allies sought agreement on a list of German steel companies to be created out of the old "Big Six" combines. After long negotiation the list was accepted by the Chancellor, but four more months of further argument and negotiation were necessary before even a revised list could be actually put into operation.

It is thus that he has been strong at home, before the German people, standing up for what is closest to their hearts. He has even developed his own particular rhetorical technique, of phrases which make headlines but are meaningless.

"Is it worth going on if we are to be treated like this?" he asked a Christian Democratic audience after the Allies vetoed the income-tax law in 1950. Naturally it was, but his audience was not likely to think that far ahead.

"West Germany will never sign the Schuman Plan treaty until the Bundestag has had a chance to discuss the Saar question," was another typical flight of Adenauer political rhetoric. The papers caught the "never sign" part of his statement, and completely lost the qualification that rendered it meaningless.

Many Forces

Thus it is that he has skillfully slithered between the nationalists and the Allies and has registered—in brief retrospect —an almost incredible series of successes in a situation which, in the hands of a less skillful tactician or a more emotional political leader, could have been completely snarled. We could have a Germany yearning for a Soviet deal, bitterly nationalistic, uneasily policed by the western Allied armies, sullen and unco-operative, with a long siege of petulant occupation. But we do not, and this must largely be credited to Konrad Adenauer.

At the same time, while playing the role of the "strong" Chancellor at home, and engaging in press conference debates and tough bargaining and even table-pounding with the High Commissioners, Dr. Adenauer has been much the junior Senator in his appearances abroad. One photo of Konrad Adenauer with Robert Schuman or Winston Churchill, or one brief announcement that for the first time since 1934 a German official was received by a British King at Buckingham Palace —these are worth far more to German public opinion than any political concessions he might bring back on the Schuman Plan or the European army.

The Germans are curious in that respect. They want their Chancellor to be bellicose and dynamic and tough, but they want him to be received, and to know which fork to pick up when he eats his fish. There is the childish desire to assert and at the same time to belong in grown-up society.

Konrad Adenauer has fortunately been able to satisfy both these contradictory appetites—far more than, say, Dr. Kurt Schumacher, the Social Democratic Opposition leader, could satisfy them. The Chancellor's first trip to Paris, in April, 1951, produced a number of such examples. It was, in fact, the first visit of a German Chancellor to Paris in twenty years, and the second visit in history except for the arrivals of Bismarck and Hitler behind conquering armies.

He strolled quietly and unobtrusively through the streets and paid a simple tribute at the Eternal Flame and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arch of Triumph. At his suite in the Hotel Crillon, he received a little French girl from Alsace who presented him with a Croix de Guerre which her father had won fighting the Germans in the First World War as her personal contribution to Franco-German understanding.

The occasion of the trip was the final

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meeting of the six powers that were to join in the Schuman Plan treaty, and the German career official leading the delegation advised Dr. Adenauer that at the formal session he would be expected to follow M. Schuman in remarks on the occasion. As the second largest steel producer in the six-power combine at that time, Germany would speak second.

The Chancellor's flat, almost Mongoloid face changed only slightly as he mused quietly to his delegation: "No, we Germans had so much to say and were heard from so often from 1933 that I think I'll just keep quiet. There's that young fellow Count Sforza [eighty-two years old], and I think he should speak next. I'll wait till last."

'Restive, Strident Land'

This is the sympathetic appraisal of Dr. Adenauer's goal and his record. Taking into account what he inevitably has had to work with in the way of national emotions and temperament and political aspirations, any fair analysis cannot on the whole help being sympathetic. He has held a restless and volatile nation in check and has driven down a path broadly in step with western Europe and the western Allies without losing his identity as a German nationalist who is serving his country.

Yet Konrad Adenauer is only one German, and his weaknesses are German weaknesses. The concessions he has won by his farsightedness, his steadfastness, his integrity, his sincerity, and his tactical skill are also concessions to the nationalists, the neutralists, the militarists, the "we-can-work-with-the-Communists-without-being-taken-in" thinkers, the neo-Nazis, the industrialists, the nihilists, and the schizophrenics.

Konrad Adenauer's unuttered though constant plea to the western Allies is: "Give me your full confidence and your full support and your every concession, and let those around me build the sort of Germany you want and we want. If you do not strengthen me, then those of us who believe in the Germany in which you also believe may lose, and all will be lost."

But it is the tragedy of Allied policy and of the German political scene that we are building on one man, and a very elderly man at that, who is constantly and increasingly buffeted by worsening internal political winds. The western powers for their part must ask: "Ah yes, but if we give such sweeping concessions to you, who might suddenly vanish from the scene, what assurance have we that you will leave behind you a West Germany which will remain constant to the cause of western democracy, that will prove a co-operative and reasonable partner, and will not use its strength and power in double-dealing?"

Konrad Adenauer's record is better than that of his nation, but he cannot give the answer alone. On the whole, the Allies can be glad and relieved that he has survived as long as he has, and can wish him many more years of health and political prosperity in the restive, strident land over which he uneasily but hopefully presides.

West Germany: 'A Fair Chance'

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WHEN the Kremlin told the western Allies in March that it favored calling an international conference to write a peace treaty with Germany and went on to suggest the principles which might govern such an agreement, the western world asked two questions. Was this more Communist propaganda? Or was it a proposal made seriously in the hope of solving the German problem through compromise? I think we may safely answer "Yes" to both questions. The Soviet memorandum has very great propaganda value, but it also outlines quite clearly the manner in which the Russians would like to dispose of the German question.

This peace offer was skillfully timed. The Adenauer Government had weathered two exhaustive parliamentary debates with important international implications. The first had to do with the Schuman Plan as a step toward the integration of Europe. The second was concerned with rearmament, or more concretely, with whether the Germans favored helping to maintain and augment the mighty American military base in Europe.

Then the Bundestag was confronted with the most difficult and emotionally charged issue of all—that of the Saar. Of necessity the Germans consider French claims to this coal-rich region irrational from every political and historical point of view. Germany might be compelled to accept French domination of the Saar, but it could never be persuaded to do so. The rift therefore struck at the heart of the concept of an integrated Europe, which is the keystone of our policy. What more propitious moment, consequently, could have been chosen by the Russians to suggest that they had something better

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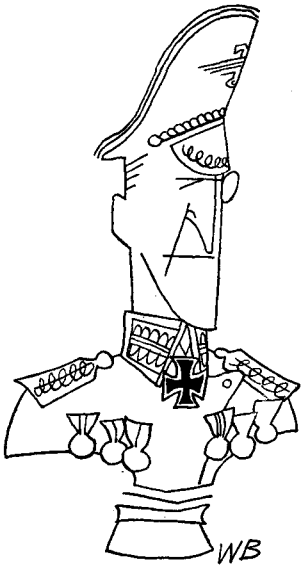
to offer the Germans than the West could propose? They said in effect: "Only *we* can remove the Iron Curtain that now divides your Fatherland in two parts. Only *we* can ensure the trade that will bring you prosperity, and only *we* can fully restore your national honor."

The Choice

Granted that West Germans had complete freedom of choice, what would their answer be? Integration with the West offers them a chance to establish a free democratic society, to enjoy considerable immediate economic prosperity, and to share in carrying out a strategic political plan that might in the long run bring peace and liberation not only to East Germans but to the whole of eastern Europe.

For if the peoples of the West can acquire security and well-being, the propagandistic effect upon Russia's satellites may prove irresistible, with Russian imperialism checked by a counter-tide of such magnitude that Moscow would perforce have to accept it as a phenomenon of decisive political importance. Germany's role in fostering such a policy would help to re-establish it as a strong, respected, and peaceful state. This reasoning appeals very much to West Germans.

On the other hand, the Russian argument is unquestionably appealing also. It is very difficult for a people like the Germans to accept, day in and day out, the fact that their fellow countrymen on the other side of the Iron Curtain must continue to live without hope of liberation. The possibility that two rival armed camps will be organized for the purpose of eventually sending Germans into battle against Germans is not pleasant.

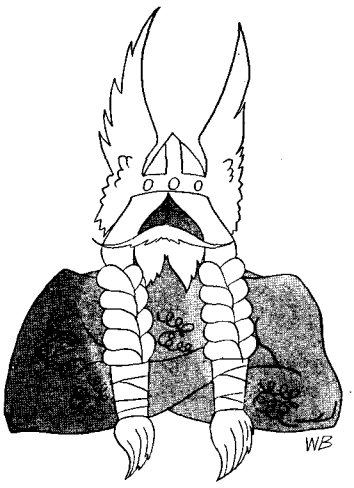


The German people, perhaps as deeply anti-Communist as any people, are also dominated by quite understandable fears—fears of invasion, of bombing, of inflation, and of a host of other ills to which they have been recently subjected. Any solution of the underlying international problem that would eliminate fear of a Russian attack would therefore elicit a sigh of relief. In addition, any indication by the West that it contemplates war raises goose pimples on German flesh. In the circumstances it is remarkable that Russian propaganda has not been more successful in West Germany.

The Temptations

This Germany came out from under the dire weight of Nazism only to confront ruins so overwhelming in their social impact that it was difficult even for victorious aliens to confront them without panic. West Germany was unsettled and terribly impoverished. Since Nazism had left it also in a state of arrested political development, it had to improvise a new experiment in democracy.

Under such conditions, the recovery of Germany is a miracle. Not only has physical restoration proceeded at a breath-taking pace since 1948, but there has developed a measure of political and social reflection that few would have ventured to predict. However restricted and barren the horizon of many German citizens may be, the fact remains that despite the extremely unfortunate rift between the Social Democrats and the other pro-democratic groups, West German leadership and discussion have proved vastly more intelligent than any observer of a few years ago would have deemed possible. There are honest and objective German newspapers. German youth is far less unreasonable than one might have assumed. And though there is much that might be said in criticism of the abilities of contemporary German statesmen, no one can fail to be impressed with what men like Chancellor Adenauer have accomplished. (I may add that I have known Adenauer for more than a quarter of a century. If anyone had predicted to me that in his old age he would attain his current stature I should have been more than skeptical.)



All this does not mean that West Germany is not deeply troubled, confused, and tempted. It only vaguely realizes that since 1947 the foreign policy of the United States has been patterned anew after the tradition of striving to build a family of free peoples united against war and for well-being. Almost universally recognized, however, is the truly amazing generosity of the American people, which has left a profound impression on millions who otherwise would not have survived.

But Germans cannot help seeing that Russia holds the key to a whole treasury of hopes. Without Russia's assent, unification cannot come soon. What if the Russians were to agree one of these days to restore the 1937 boundaries of Germany? What if they were to announce that the satellite countries were empowered to re-establish trade with the West on a normal basis? It is not likely that the Russians will do these things. But the Germans do not wish to see the curtain rung down on any faint hopes that might later grow stronger.

Historical Factors

There are those who cite history to demonstrate that Germany, by reason of its geographical situation and its nationalistic temper, has always been impelled to play the East against the West to its own advantage, and that therefore it cannot be depended upon as an ally. Many critics who reason thus feel specifically that the creation of a German military force for the purpose of strengthening the American military base in Europe should be opposed because the assumption that such a force

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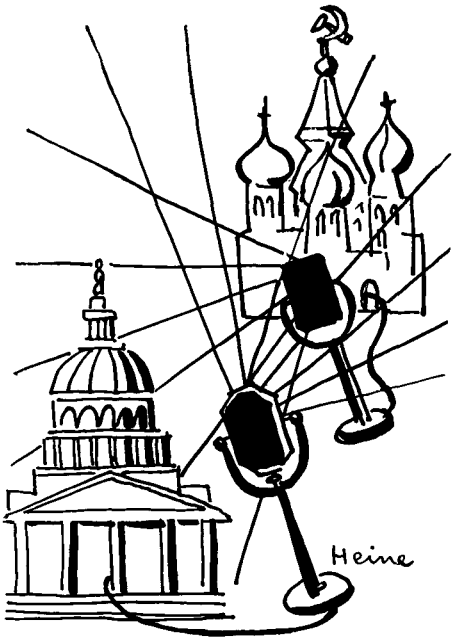


will be permanently committed to the West and its ideals cannot be guaranteed.

This reasoning is of the utmost importance. The Russians would never for a moment talk about a solution of the German problem were they not persuaded that a united Europe can be built around an invincible western army. They realize that the United States must of necessity distrust a resurgent European nationalism, and that accordingly anything they can do to foster this nationalism will ensure our defeat and their victory. Consequently, American unwillingness to accept Germans as trustworthy associates would be of the greatest possible advantage to the Kremlin because it would automatically strengthen German nationalism.

And so let us look at history. The Germans have traditionally been guided by a natural desire to keep the Russians as far as possible from vital industrial and population centers. This desire established neutrality as the normal form of Russo-German relations. That is why Frederick the Great welcomed the partition of Poland, and also why his unexpected success in gaining Russian neutrality enabled him to escape defeat in the most perilous of his wars.

Yet there have been occasions on which sudden, unexpected pacts between the two nations greatly changed the course of world events. With two of these occasions public opinion has recently been concerned—the Treaty of Rapallo, signed after the First World War, and the Nazi-Soviet pact, signed on fateful August 23, 1939. It is an earlier agreement, however, with which European speculation is presently busy.

On December 30, 1812, General von Yorck, then in command of Prussian auxiliary troops, signed a convention with a Russian officer, General Diebitsch, at Tauroggen. Napoleon's armies had just retreated from Moscow, and the Prussian government was bound by a treaty to fight in order to prevent Russian forces from entering East Prussia. Yorck's action, frowned upon by his king, not only enabled the Russians to cross the border but made it possible to stage the popular Prussian uprising against the Corsican which contributed so notably to his eventual defeat.

Oddly enough, the subsequent fraternization between some Prussian and Russian officers laid the foundation for the first notable movement to undermine autocracy in Russia—the tragic uprising of the Decembrists in 1825. At any rate, some people contend that the Russians are reckoning shrewdly with the possibility of a similar agreement, and that this accounts for the paragraph in their peace memorandum which suggests that "All former members of the German Army, including officers and generals and all former Nazis excluding those who are serving sentences . . . for committing crimes" be accorded full political and civil rights.

This appeal to nationalist sentiment and this olive branch held out to those who still resent the de-Nazification methods employed by the West are undoubtedly in harmony with Kremlin propaganda policy throughout the world. Europe is full of tales about younger German generals openly or secretly in the service of the Russians.

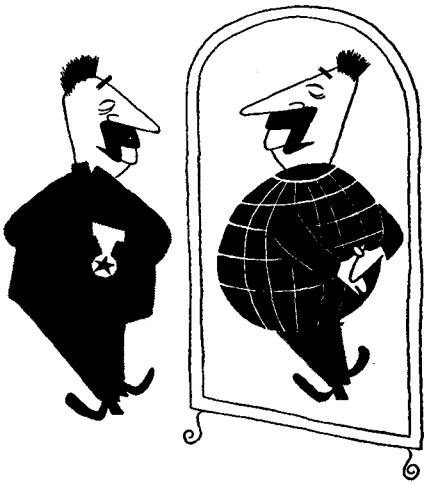
Undoubtedly there are some such generals, and the awareness of them creates more of the fear which is now so widespread a psychic state in Europe. But it is very difficult to believe that any of them could get a chance to auction off a German division or two under NATO command as Yorck bartered with his auxiliaries. It must also be noted that at that time Prussia was deeply and bitterly opposed to Napoleon, regardless of the treaty which the king was pledged to respect. Virtually no comparable opposition to the West exists in Germany today.

'A Fair Chance'

To be sure, there is no way in which any of us can predict the outcome with certainty. Nor are the opinions we hold free from a subjective evaluation of the public mind in Germany. Let me therefore merely report that there is a fair chance that intelligent and efficient support of the best and most productive groups of the German population will eventually enable these to fashion a civilized nation whose genius and hard work will benefit mankind.

The rebuilding of German military strength is unfortunate, and can be justified only on the ground that the defense of Europe through NATO is indispensable and can succeed only if German units are incorporated into it. We can merely weigh good and bad, decide on what is least undesirable, and place behind that decision the whole of our moral authority and our economic resources.

Personally I regret very much that conscription of the standard sort is apparently to be introduced in Germany. It seems to me that it would have been far better to adopt the Swiss system of a citizen army developed around a small professional or volunteer nucleus. There is room for argument about these matters. There can be none about the need to develop the concept of an integrated Europe, not as a plan of action to be followed slavishly, according to a blueprint, but as an idea possessing dynamic and invigorating power, in the hope that as it matures it will demonstrate to all subjugated peoples that a free society, committed to freedom and to peace, is the just social order whose establishment they need not forever yearn for in vain.



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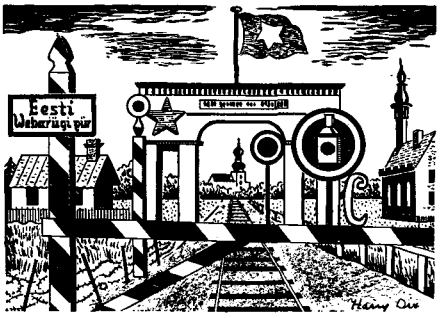

East Germany: Will the Upturn Last?

ERNEST LEISER

BERLIN

IN RECENT weeks, from behind the border of what Berliners usually call the Zone of Silence, a strange cacophony has been emerging. Here, in the West's best listening post, shrill bleats of *mea culpa,* mixed with cries of denunciation and murmurs of confession, are being heard from Stalin's German Democratic Republic. They are echoes of the greatest orgy of Marxian "self-criticism" ever staged outside the U.S.S.R.

"We are concentrating on making goods which are not important and we are lagging behind criminally in those products essential to our program!" announces Heinrich Rau, chairman of the East German State Planning Commission.

"Must I always travel all the way into Berlin just to buy a pound of stew meat?" inquires a housewife from Glienicke, twelve miles away, in a letter to the Communist paper *Deutschlands Stimme.*

"The majority of the tractor loan stations are still waiting for spare parts. Tractors are laid up all over. We have failed in our primary responsibilities!" confesses an official of the state tractor-loan organization.

"Two weeks ago, after saving for six months, I scraped up 120 marks to buy a pair of shoes, but already the sole of one of the shoes has worn through and the 'leather' on the uppers is cracking. Can't something be done?" asks a Leipzig printer.

Day after day, the leading Communist newspapers carry long columns of such items. A recent meeting of the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.) was devoted to a series of amazing self-indictments. Virtually the only one so far exempt from "confession" has been Walter Ulbricht, the party's boss and General Secretary.

At a time when the western European nations are suffering so heavily under the strains of rearmament, it is reassuring to discover that a major Soviet satellite is having its problems too. But the western economic experts have become so intrigued by the loud admissions of shortcomings that many are now tending to exaggerate the significance of those admissions. It is not entirely clear what the Communists' motives for the sudden torrent of self-criticism are. Perhaps they are the prelude to a new purge, but it is certainly clear that they do not presage a sudden collapse of the East German economy.

More Food . . .

The present furore cannot obscure two much more important, if less sensational, developments in East Germany during the past eighteen months. First, industrial output as a whole has made impressive gains. Second, the disparity between East and West German standards of living is far smaller.

Eighteen months ago, the level of industrial production in East Germany was only seventy-five per cent of what it had been in 1936. Today it has risen to approximately 105 per cent (although the same index in West Germany is now 150). In August, 1950, the most accurate calculation possible showed that a worker's family in the Soviet Zone, earning a better than average total wage, had a real income only about half as great as that of its West German counterpart. By December, 1951, that differential had declined to about thirty per cent, and this year it is expected that the eastern family's real income and standard of living will be only a quarter lower than those of the West German family. The eastern output of steel was 980,000 tons in 1950. Last year it had risen to 1.5 million tons, and it is expected to top 2 million tons in 1952. That total is still by no means enough to supply the needs of the eighteen million East Germans, but the rate of increase is little short of phenomenal.

Two years ago, the average East German family was barely above the border line of malnutrition. Today, although quality and variety of food still leave a good deal to be desired, meats, fat, sugar, and various other commodities which were formerly available only to the elite can be purchased by a far larger part of the population. In 1948, a pound of oleomargarine cost fifty-five marks. Today the price is down to seven, although that is still more than five times the cost in West Germany. And prices for some basic items such as potatoes and dark bread are actually lower in the Russian Zone than in the West. Clothing and shoes, generally, are still outrageously high in price (that pair of shoes that Hans B. wore through in two weeks represented no less than sixty hours of work), and it takes no expert to judge their shoddiness. But though East Germans still venture across the sector borders into west Berlin very frequently to buy their shoes and textiles, the prices of even these commodities have gone down considerably.

. . . and Less Rubble

Most important, the *look* of East Germany has changed. Anyone who has lived in Berlin since the war realizes this immediately when he goes to the city's eastern sector. Granted that east Berlin is the Communists' showplace, two years ago it had practically nothing to show. Today, tens of thousands of "volunteer" workers—men and

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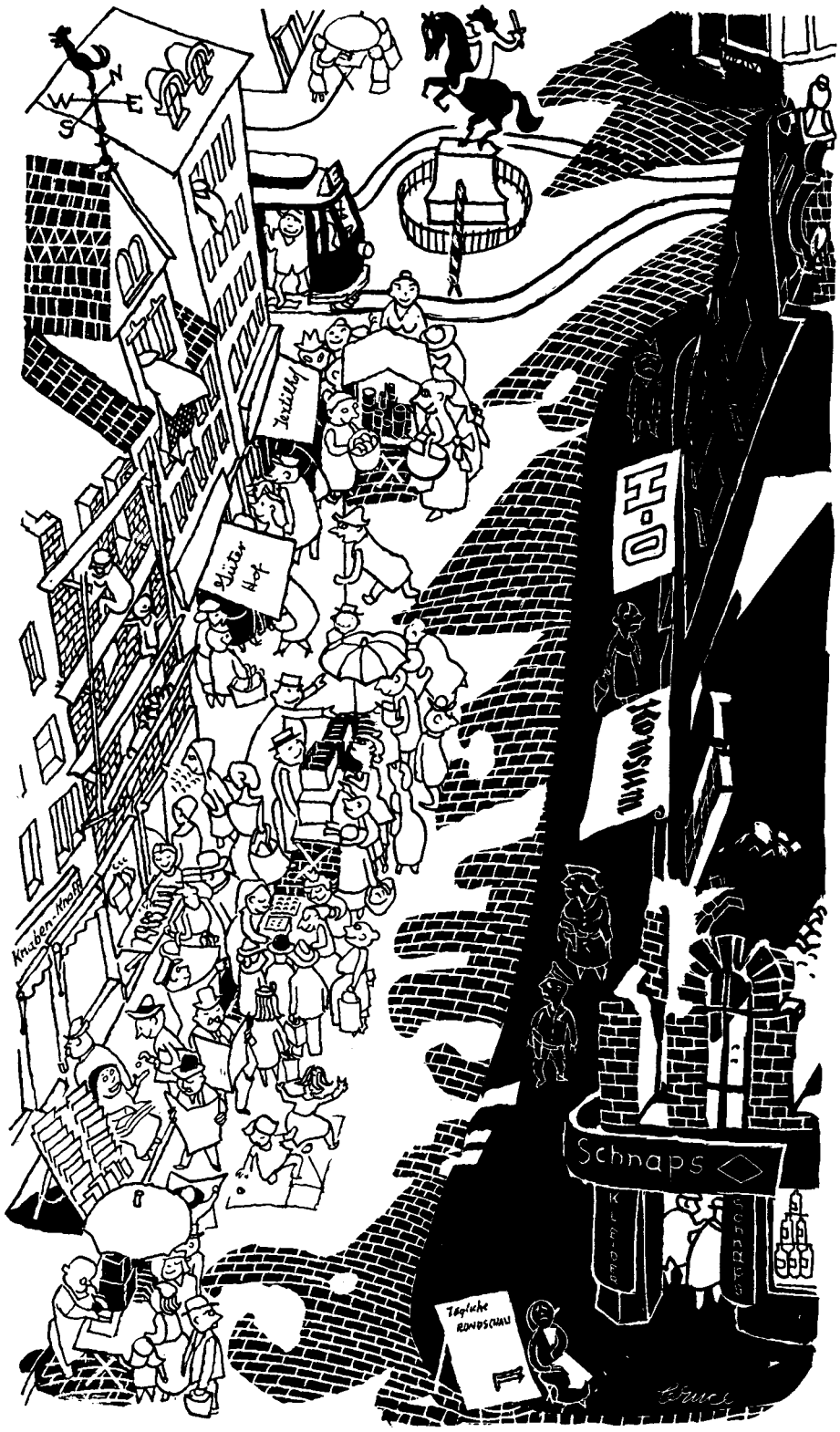
women, side by side—are engaged in rubble removal. Ancient trucks and battered steam shovels supplement manual labor. Block after block that lay in mangled ruins as recently as a year ago is now neatly cleared. New official buildings, administrative headquarters, and even a limited number of apartment houses are appearing. Certainly east Berlin still lags far behind the western sectors, where such rubble clearance was completed three years ago. Without benefit of Soviet-style "planning," ten times as many dwellings have been repaired or restored in west Berlin as the program for the Soviet sector calls for in 1952. Gradually, so unobtrusively that it has passed unnoticed by many residents, west Berlin has become a whole city again, its isolated areas of devastation hidden behind new buildings and new paint. Comparatively, east Berlin is still a wasteland.

But the important thing is that, however belatedly, the eastern sector today is beginning to catch up. Two years ago its streets were almost empty of motor transport. Today, although the traffic is still far lighter than in Frankfurt am Main, Düsseldorf, Hamburg, or any of the other bustling cities of West Germany, east Berlin is again beginning to look like a modern metropolis. Two years ago most of the stores and shops were closed or half empty. Today, while the small private shops are still forlorn, the state-run Konsums and the HO (Handels Organisation) stores, from specialty shops to huge department stores, bustle with customers. And their stocks, though often shoddy and expensive, are infinitely more varied than they were.

From a Train Window

So it is also, though to a lesser extent, in the other villages and towns of East Germany. An American, riding the U.S. military train eastward to Berlin from Helmstedt, on the Soviet zonal border, must rise at dawn if he wants to catch even a glimpse of Russia's Germany. But if he has made the trip often, that is enough to give him a good notion of the changes that have taken place in two years. The people he sees along the right of way as the train creaks through Brandenburg and Potsdam still seem painfully shabby compared to their western countrymen, but their faces no longer wear the gray, pinched look they once did. And although from the train window the jagged silhouettes of ruins still abound, a good deal of new construction may be seen.

In making any comparison between East and West Germany, it is very necessary to bear one thing in mind: What is of greatest importance today is not the *absolute* difference in living standards between the two areas—the West German still enjoys a standard at least twenty-five per cent higher than his Russian Zone compatriot—but the fact that a marked improvement, apparent



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to all who live there, has been recorded in the East.

Restiveness under any system depends not so much on its standards at any given point in time but on whether those standards are going up or down.

Revivalism and Revival

The East's revivalistic orgy of self-criticism should not be permitted to conceal the fact that standards are going up there—and hence that the increased political repression which is accompanying economic improvement is becoming less unbearable to the population. Whether this upward trend will continue is another question: Many western economists, studying the Five Year Plan of the German Democratic Republic, say it cannot.

Two of the chief stumbling blocks in the way of fulfillment of the plan are the heavy burden that Russia's "take" from East Germany imposes on the economy and a fantastically cumbersome government apparatus.

Perhaps the most closely guarded secret in a land where secrecy is a fetish is the exact amount the Soviet Union is extracting, directly and indirectly, from its part of Germany. It is impossible to give any figure with pinpoint precision, but the British and American economic intelligence staffs estimate that in one way or another between twelve and fourteen per cent of East Germany's gross national product is being squeezed out of the economy by the Soviet Union.

Less than a quarter of this percentage is direct reparations. But the burden of occupation costs for the 400,000 Soviet soldiers in East Germany, although carefully concealed in one of the most mysterious and meaningless state budgets ever written, is reckoned to be some 2 billion eastmarks—another two-fifths. And the profits of Soviet-owned industrial corporations (these Sowjetische A.G.s amount to nearly one-fourth of all Russian Zone industry) account for the rest.

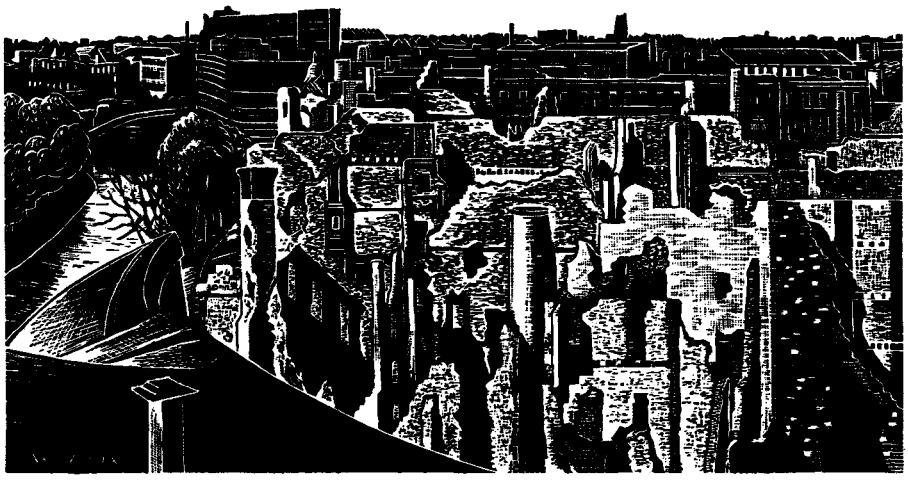
This total of twelve to fourteen per cent of the national product is far less than it was, say, in 1946, when Russia was not only dismantling East German plants but taking some fifty per cent of the output of the factories that remained. But no western European nation's present defense expenditures are as great proportionally as the amount East Germany still pays in tribute to its Soviet conquerors.

An even heavier burden on the East German economy is the cost of the ponderous bureaucracy. Again no precise figures are available, but western economists estimate the expenses of administering the Russian Zone at over a quarter of the national product.

Ironically, this vast bureaucracy has failed to devise any means of solving one of East Germany's most pressing problems—that of raising sufficient capital to expand the heavy industry which Communist planners consider all-important. Early last year, it was announced with éclat that some 700 million eastmarks had been set aside for state-controlled stockpiling and investment in the 1951 budget. It is doubtful if this was enough to cover more than depreciation and obsolescence.

Other Side of the Coin

As the wave of self-criticism is enough to indicate, there is a whole array of other problems: shortages of such key raw materials as iron ore and hard coal; shortages—despite the increase in output—of steel and machine tools; declining health and safety standards in industrial plants and mines; inexcusably shoddy quality in everything from punch presses to diapers; and an inadequate system of rail communications as a result of Soviet dismantling six years ago.



Thus far, the impressive fact is that the economy of Russia's Germany has moved ahead, even if fitfully, in the face of these problems. Yet today the Communist planners who run the bureaucracy are confronted with the greatest problem of all: How can they keep the East German economy on its feet if they are required to recruit, uniform, arm, and maintain a new Red Wehrmacht as a counterpoise to the contingents the West plans to recruit for the proposed European army from the West German Republic?

It now appears certain that, despite all Soviet maneuvers for a united, neutralized Germany, the western powers will not delay their plans to arm the West Germans. And it appears certain that if they proceed with those plans, the Soviets will retaliate by expanding the 60,000-man German military nucleus they already have into a force of at least 250,000 men.

But can the East Germans stand the strain of an enlarged defense effort without sliding back into the economic morass of the early postwar years?

The answer is a conditional "Yes." The condition is a fateful one: that the Kremlin relax, at least partially, its squeeze on the Russian Zone economy. If the twelve to fourteen per cent of East Germany's product now taken by the Soviet Union could be saved, the satellite would suffer less strain from a rearmament effort than the western nations now do.

Whether the Soviet leaders are willing to eliminate or reduce their take is, of course, questionable. East Germany has been a mighty profitable property to them since the war, and it can be assumed that they would be reluctant to sacrifice this profit. Their reluctance increases in direct proportion to the increasing rearmament burden they are requiring their own citizens to bear.

If the Russians *do* refuse to reduce their economic demands while requiring East Germany to raise and maintain armed forces, it is quite clear that the present upward trend of the East German economy not only cannot continue but will turn sharply downward.

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H. S. T. and History

As seen by the President's biographer

JONATHAN DANIELS

AS A MAN who has sat seven years with his back to the flags and the Potomac, facing problems never faced by any American President before, Harry Truman has not only said farewell with relief; he has said it with faith. His decision not to run again was offered in such a fashion as to make it a parable: The indispensable man in the world is the one (or the millions) who believes in the powers of other men, as human beings or as Presidents.

He said farewell with pride. He regards himself as the most modern administrator. He has, he thinks, taken Presidential decision from the realm of "by guess and by God." He has made it possible for a modern President, facing magnified problems, to have at least the chance for success of George Washington, who, according to Harry Truman, "was the best administrator this country ever had." As a man who faced a job that seemed more overwhelming to him than it did to most others, Truman has done much to organize and simplify the Presidential office. But his greatest accomplishment seems something very different and, for our times, more important. In a world lost in complexities and conflicts, he has faced the primitive neo-Tartar with an antique American antithesis.

It was good that he said his surprising farewell at such a primitive, if high-priced, tribal gathering as a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. Money raising in the name of heroes actually celebrates the many men who have followed a tradition as well as those who have led it. The elderly Jefferson did not vote for Jackson for President, but those who supported both Jefferson and Jackson made a continuity all the same. Somebody once said that Tennessee, not Jefferson, made Andrew Jackson. And certainly, seven years in the White House, years that have changed him little, provide evidence that not Franklin Roosevelt but rural Jackson County made Harry Truman.

It was natural that the country politician who was not, as he insists, intimidated by Tom Pendergast should not have been overwhelmed by Joe Stalin, but saw in the two a startling similarity. As a country boy more apt to be tickled than impressed by city manners, he found Winston Churchill at the outset more amusing than august. Truman enjoys the pleasure of the palace at the White House like a cowhand in Kansas City, but he still remembers himself as a countryman when he is overbutlered at a solemn, solitary supper. Even around himself he maintains the remote American's awe of the Presidency, but he has not lost a humorous sense of strangeness that the man in the Presidency should be he himself. Indeed, the extraordinary thing about the ordinary man who came to the White House in a hurry seven years ago, at a time when victory was both arriving and disintegrating, is that he remains that increasingly rare thing, a man able to see—and who insists upon seeing—both the problems of his time and his own responsibilities in the direct man's and the simple man's terms.

"Ain't that sompin'," says Harry Truman. And he may be speaking of a small politician's vanity or a great power's demands. The dimensions of arrogance do not seem to alter its basic quality. And the dimensions of responsibility in the face of arrogance should not alter a man. The remarkable thing about Harry Truman is not what he has become but what he remains.

Miracle of the 'Ordinary Man'

It does not take much memory to recall that the nation and the world were left not only mourning but also aghast by the substitution of Harry Truman for Franklin Roosevelt. The Opposition politicians were the first to be reconciled by the arrival of an "ordinary man" in the White House. What surprised them was that the country was not particularly averse to the idea or impressed by the danger. Now in seven years that ordinary man has become the atomic-bomb-sized image of the ordinary man. And there are those who think that the political miracle of Harry Truman is still greater than anything the physicists have wrought.

The miracle is the fact: Under this ordinary man's leadership the free world has been mobilized to new strength and new courage, and after seven years of detraction, denunciation, and ridicule he was still regarded, when he withdrew, as the candidate of the major American political party with the best chance of winning the approval of the American people in the next Presidential race. That may seem to the millions of Americans who do not like him a lapse in American standards of greatness. That could be true. Certainly the Truman years have marked the disappearance of the demigods and most of the demidevils. It was not

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merely that Roosevelt's death brought Truman. Mussolini and Hitler followed Roosevelt. Truman had been in the Presidency only three months when Churchill was chastened in the British elections. Chiang has been driven out of China. Stalin remains, but in an aging obscurity, more a symbol than a man. Stalin cannot depart without the probability of explosive confusion. Truman—a man, not a symbol—can depart with confidence that order will prevail. A man often rebuffed by the Senate, laughed at and hated, condemned for his choices in both shirts and men, Truman remains the image not of the prince but of the people, and of a people not changed as much by cellophane, chromium, or uranium as they sometimes think they are.

McGuffey vs. Marx

Truman is out of date. Truman's own story of Truman is written more in the spirit of a McGuffey Reader than a Presidential memoir. His theology is uncomplicated and comfortable. He has brought, indeed, into his story and into his philosophy of the Presidency all the conventional morals, theology, and patriotism that good boys and girls ought to learn in school. In Truman's case as in America's, the good platitudes were enlivened by native realism, humor, and humanity. They are not as rigid in life as they sometimes seem in the schoolbooks. Also they are the eminently practical rules of a folk who sometimes needed to holler for the neighbors and expected to run also when the neighbors hollered for help. Loyalty as a virtue was perhaps unduly underscored in the defensive unity of the frontier, in the guerrilla fighting along the border between Missouri and Bleeding Kansas, and later in the tough politics of Kansas City. A man brought up in this tradition does not get bogged down in a political campaign or a cold war because of inner uncertainties or ideological complications. A Bolshevik is as simple as a bushwhacker. The big lies rise from the same motivations as the little ones.

Of course Truman is old-fashioned. He speaks in commonplaces. His wisdom is a collection of platitudes, and he does not much consort with wise men. Only the Presidency adds impressiveness to his stature. All that may be true, and yet his self-depreciation at the outset of his Presidential service related more to the American manners his mother had taught him than to any special lack of self-confidence. He was appalled by his job but in no wise appalled by those who thought they could do it better than he could. In his whole career he has been blessed with the protective coloration of a widespread notion that he was too small for every job he ever took, until he took it and succeeded in it as well as—or better than—anybody had ever done before. Come to think of it, in the history of the last half century, that has been both the impression made by America and the American performance. We already have the testimony of the Spaniards, the Germans, and the Japanese. It is available to the Russians and to fearful Americans, too.

Too much may be made of Truman as an average man. The capability of average men to make sense out of freedom is, after all, a crucial question. And Truman is certainly important as the symbol of such men. He preaches an old but not antiquated American faith held by a modern people whose convictions are not turned out in new models every year. Suggestions that Truman has sought a safe "dead Center" for himself in politics and the Presidency miss entirely the vital Center of American faith between the extremists of the Right and the Left. The American people don't have to read about freedom in advertisements in the slick magazines. Indeed, they can quickly spot a phony who goes folksy with their freedoms. Their preference for platitudes over epigrams may seem dull. An increasing number of them share Truman's taste in barbaric sport shirts, but they keep uncomplicated convictions. They, like the President, are addicted to ancient faults along with ancient virtues. It all adds up to a body of American faith which, if it sometimes seems old-fashioned in the cities, in the colleges, and even in the world conferences, is by no means ineffective. Harry Truman walks around talking it and being it.

He is cute, clever, and contrary. And only those will understand Harry Truman who understand also the good old colloquial meanings of those words. He is cute in the old sense of "shrewd." He is clever in its old sense of "good-natured and kind." He is contrary, which in Missouri—and now in Moscow—means "not easily overpersuaded or pushed around." He keeps the skepticism of the Missourian who has to be shown and the optimism of the ordinary man who believes in his own powers. He can be counted upon to grin at pretentiousness. He does not throw in his hand but reaches for his chips when there is a bluff to be called.

As Truman has often said, and as the documents will show, he had reached the decision to retire long before the surprising climax which he added to a conventionally partisan Jefferson-Jackson Day speech. The mystery of his plans was sustained to the dramatic moment, and Truman enjoyed himself immensely in the mystery. Not many expected him to say directly that he was running. That would have been impolitic in the case of a man seeking more than the traditional tenure before Roosevelt and the Constitutional tenure after Truman. Even the doctrine of the "most necessary man," which Truman is known to admit in rejection of the doctrine of the "indispensable man," would have required a demonstration of reluctance. The protocol of the Presidency does not permit any occupant of that institution to say with simple enthusiasm, "I love it and I'm going to hang onto it if I can." But when Truman said "No" on that Saturday night, it was clear that he was not being coy. The explanation of his effectiveness in America and the world has always been the almost incredible fact that he means what he says. Some-

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times, in a complex world, candor has almost seemed to constitute trickery. In this case it represents the President's faith that security and welfare depend not upon any indispensable leader but upon the undiminished powers and possibilities of people.

Running for History

Truman has often said that in his whole career he has never run for an office he wanted to run for. This year he is running for something he does want. That will not mean throwing his hat formally into any ring. At this moment the ring is beyond the reach of his throwing. He is running for history and, so far as can be determined at this point, with a very good chance of winning. What he wants most of all will not be the votes of Illinois or California, but the approval of some small, studious, nearsighted boy or studious, nearsighted President who likes to look things up in the history books.

Such a Truman campaign will undoubtedly be greeted by many with the same confident derision with which they regarded his political chances in November, 1948. Once history closes the Truman chapter, they are sure, it will be a seldom reopened and thoroughly dull chapter about a very undramatic man. That may be, but if the pyramiding of man's fears and man's problems in these seven Truman years turns out to be a dull chapter, then we must be proceeding into years too fantastically explosive for any historians to write about. Truman does not expect that. He is preparing the materials for remembrance. And he expects the remembrance to teach clear and understandable lessons. In his own case it could hardly fail to be the effectiveness of natural, down-to-earth man in a world overimpressed by its conflicts and its complexities. It would show the triumph of common sense over chaos. If it did prove that, he would appear in history not only as a great President; he might even appear as the man most needed by a world lost in a babel of ideas, words, techniques, knowledges, and powers. It may very well be true that in such a maze modern man is obsolete. Archaic man may have to take his place. It could be Truman or the Tartar. The McGuffeys of the millennium will be able to teach a real lesson from that, if any studious, nearsighted boys are around to learn the lesson.

Joe McCarthy's Home Town

ELI WALDRON

APPLETON, Wisconsin, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's home town, is a papermakers' town. The big Fourdriniers are the machines that keep the place alive, and their humming at night, up and down the Fox River Valley, is a drowsy benediction to the prosperity of paper and the plenitude of well-organized industrial life. It is a sound that disappears beneath the market noises of the day and returns again late at night after the last bar has closed and the last car has been put away. It is a humming as familiar here as the stars, as pleasant as warm rain.

A recurrent mechanical benediction, however, can sometimes begin to sound like a curse, and there are a few Appletonians—not many—who hear it this way. Prosperity, they reason, can breed smugness, and smugness, when it habitually reads the Chicago *Tribune* and the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and the local *Post-Crescent*, is fair and foolish game for any political sharper who comes along. The political sharper who did come along therefore found the going good. He is well liked in his home town today and was recently presented with the Junior Chamber of Commerce's annual good-citizenship award.

But there are certain exceptions to this general liking—a voice here, a voice there—and there is also, I was informed when I recently spent some time in Appleton, an unorganized body of dissent which, in the heat and excitement of public gatherings, sometimes manages to speak for itself. Thus, I was told, there was outspoken anti-McCarthy argument at a Rotary luncheon not long ago. And there were young anti-McCarthyites in the American Legion. I found this difficult to believe—not the fact, but the emphasis put upon it. There might, in truth, be argument here and there, but I had the feeling that it would be argument of a superficial nature—opposition merely, and not anything arising out of deeply held conviction. The people I spoke to, in the main, were all for Joe. He was the "country boy who had made good," the boy who had "showed them." It sounded like piney-woods talk in the Deep South, somewhat odd in a state that once prided itself upon being the "ideal commonwealth."

Forward

Actually there is nothing backward about Appleton except, perhaps, its Rotary-type forwardness. *Forward* is the motto of the State of Wisconsin,

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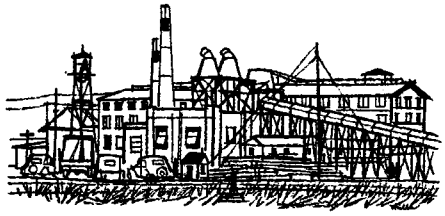
and in Appleton it has attained a rather startling velocity. With the Fourdriniers in the valley setting the pace and the secondary trades such as wire weaving and feltmaking maintaining it, a considerable commercial motion is engendered. Rich, productive farmland lies all about; rail and truck traffic north to the copper country and south to the heavy industries of Milwaukee and Chicago keep up a steady rhythm; credit, aroused, is wreathed in smiles, and in consequence of all this, the city glows on the tradesman's map with a brightness of the first magnitude.

Appleton, moreover, is a pretty town, although a visitor would probably find nothing remarkable except for an abnormally large number of picture windows. They are an index to the town's solid prosperity, each adorned with a magnificently huge lamp set on a small table. The community is situated on high hills overlooking the Fox, the sky is a bright one, the weather vagrant and full of surprises.

A few miles south lies a very large lake—Winnebago—once an important link in the wriggling waterway that led early explorers from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, and now a wild, wet patch that offers a variety of diversions, from pike fishing and sturgeon spearing to speedboating and weekend drowning. This is duck-hunting country and white bass country. It's pretty highly organized drinking country too, and the tavern brawl and the beat-up wife and the sudden head-on automobile crash are all fairly commonplace. Romy Gosz, "America's Polka King," is king of the country dance in Appleton; country pleasures regularly reach their highest pitch of excitement between the hours of twelve and one on Saturday nights.

All this is to say—if in rather brief and arbitrary fashion—that the ordi-



nary man of Appleton is too busy, too occupied with life, to worry much about what is going on outside his little, self-illuminated circle. If he is the ordinary domestic-type man, he is busy in his spare time with folding rule and pencil trying to devise a way to enlarge or re-enlarge his picture window without so weakening his house as to bring it down around his ears; if he is the nondomestic kind, the adventurer, he spends his spare time looking for a pike, a duck, a drake, or a drink.

Free Enterprise

There are, of course, a large number of unordinary men in Appleton. Of these, "the businessmen," as indeed they are in all small towns, are a class apart. They operate under special dispensations; they are endowed with a special and peculiar deification in the popular imagination. They are absolved from all commitments other than that of serving the cause of free enterprise as they understand it.

Mr. Dewey Zwicker is listed in the Chamber of Commerce Directory as the head of *Zwicker Knitting Mills, Employment: Male 64, Female 666.* He is also the Wisconsin head of the Committee for Constitutional Government, which seeks to abridge the Federal government's right to levy income and inheritance taxes. Recently, in the interests of this committee, Zwicker sent wires to businessmen throughout the state, saying (in part): TAX POLICIES . . . MUST BE CHANGED TO SAFEGUARD SURPLUS CAPITAL, YOUR BUSINESS, YOURSELF AND ENTIRE NATION FROM CONFISCATORY BRITISH TYPE SOCIALISM. HIGHLY ORGANIZED MINORITY GROUPS ARE GUIDING TAX POLICIES TO UNDERMINE PROFIT INCENTIVES, CRIPPLE MIDDLE CLASS INCOMES, FOUNDATION PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

It is obvious, of course, that Zwicker has no doubts whatever as to the true nature of free enterprise; it is also obvious that, with males 64 and females 666 in his dominion, he has made it a tidy little kingdom. I found it somewhat surprising, in view of the fact that the whole matter of the C. C. G. has been aired in the press, that no one in Appleton seemed ever to have heard of it. I wondered what would be the reaction of Zwicker, the Chamber of Commerce, and the general heavy German-Catholic population to the following statement made recently in the *Commonweal* by another Midwest McCarthy, Representative Eugene (R., Minnesota). Speaking on the question of morality in government, he says specifically of free enterprise: ". . . fundamentally it comprehends a rejection of social responsibility and of social justice. It leaves no room for the concept of distributive justice or the traditional idea of legal justice, and very little room for commutative justice. Legality becomes the watchword."

The Independents

Among the unordinary men of Appleton, however, there are a few who are interesting because of themselves and not because they are merely successful. Fred Felix Wettengel is one of them. State Senator Gordon A. Bubolz is another. Wettengel instituted a taxpayer's suit against McCarthy in 1946, based upon McCarthy's violation of the state constitution in running for Senator while still holding a circuit judgeship. McCarthy had previously

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defeated Wettengel's friend, Judge Werner, for this office, and there was a personal grievance involved, some said. The state constitution was involved, Wettengel said, and nothing else. And the Supreme Court said, at last, that it had no jurisdiction in the matter.

Wettengel's reputation deteriorated rapidly after that. He had long been known as a fighter for parks, a fighter for this, a fighter for that—an all-purpose gadfly of a type that is now all but extinct. After the death of his friend Werner and his defeat by the State Supreme Court, he was reduced to buttonholing people on the street and penning letters to the *Post-Crescent*. Little by little he took on the character of an eccentric; people no longer wanted to listen to him.

Campaign Speech

I was quite willing to listen to him, however. After all, this was perhaps the first anti-McCarthy voice in the land, and I felt that it deserved attention if for no reason other than its seniority. I phoned him one morning from the Conway Hotel and thirty minutes later, on the very dot, he arrived—a sizzling, bustling, voluble little man of seventy-four, hell-bent for the political extermination of McCarthy and also hell-bent for the extirpation of all the parking meters in the city. It was hard to tell which infuriated him more. I had the idea that he was planning to combine the two operations and by some complicated political maneuver get rid of both McCarthy and the parking meters at once. At any rate, after a brief, noisy interview he left, promising to return that evening at seven with a number of documents I would surely be interested in.

At seven exactly he turned up again in the lobby of the Conway, this time carrying a large cardboard box which bore the label SCHMIDT SAUSAGE CO., OSHKOSH. He was smiling, in high spirits. In the elevator he began reciting a lyrical poem in German which continued out of the elevator and down the corridor, and went on in exuberant fashion while he took off his coat and his scarf and hung them up, and didn't stop until he had settled himself in an armchair with the sausage box on his knees.

He then opened the box, took out a manuscript, and began to read. It was a long reading, a speech of some sort, and it wasn't until very near the end of it that I discovered, to my great surprise, that it was an endorsement of Wendell Willkie for the Presidency. Why he chose to read this I shall never know—perhaps only because it was on the top of the pile. He had planned, I think, to read through to the bottom of the box. This first effort, however, was too much for him. He had put a great deal of feeling into it, it was nearly an hour long, and toward the end his voice had begun to tremble. When at last he finished, he slowly folded the speech and put it away, and when he looked up again I saw that all the sparkle had gone from his eyes and that his face had become suddenly lined and weary.

"Brother . . ." he said, and he shook his head sadly and got up stiffly from the chair. There was no more talk of McCarthy, or of parking meters, or of anything. He was too tired. He was beginning to realize, I think, that it was too late to elect Willkie President, too late to bring back his dead friend, Judge Werner, and restore him to the bench. He may have had some hazy perception of his own eccentricity, certainly he was weighed down with great frustration. He slowly put on his scarf and coat and hat, took up his sausage box, shook hands listlessly, and left.

State Senator Gordon A. Bubolz promised greater moderation. He was, I had been told, an archetypal Republican, a lawyer, a man immersed in total politics, ultraconservative, a ponderous and valuable hunk of party machinery. I called on him one day and found his waiting room crowded with old men wearing flesh-colored hearing aids, young men on crutches, nervous-looking mothers clasping frightened-looking children to their bosoms. It was an accumulation of insurance problems, accidents, and domestic crises—the ordinary bread-and-butter trade of the usual small town lawyer.

Mr. Bubolz, however, found time to greet me, and I discovered that he was much as he had been described; a large man in a large blue suit, smoking a large cigar, professionally friendly, with a great round head. He said that I knew how it was, didn't I, in an election year? I said Yes, I knew how it was in an election year. He leaned back in his swivel chair, puffed at his cigar, and observed that politics was politics. I agreed.

I waited for him to continue. Finally and perhaps a little uncomfortably, and certainly in a voice that had taken on a confidential tone, he said that he thought Joe had done a good job of "alerting the country." This, after a moment, brought the interview to an end.

I ran into him again in front of the

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Conway Hotel late that afternoon as he was walking home from work, and he nodded at me solemnly and essayed a sort of a smile. He bulked larger than ever, a successful provincial politician clad in a gray storm coat with a mouton collar, a black Homburg clamped squarely on his large and planetary head. That Homburg fascinated me—it looked as though it were made of cast iron—and when I mentioned it later to a friend, he said yes indeed, it was made of iron; he himself had tested it with a hammer. "When Bubolz throws his hat in the ring," he told me, "you can hear it clang all up and down the Fox River Valley."

Wettengel and Bubolz represent quite nicely, I think, the extremes of contrariness and conformity to be found here. It is true that both of them are odd ones, but they do enclose a system. There are plenty of other iron hats in Appleton, and there are at least a few rebels like Wettengel, though none quite so outspoken as he.

The nearest approach to loud damnation of the Wettengel sort that I heard in Appleton occurred in a bar one day when a man lifted his head in response to somone else's question and said, "McCarthy? He's blowing his top!" And then he glanced around nervously and refused to speak again. He finished his drink rather hurriedly and left. I asked the bartender who he was, and the bartender said, "Oh, he works at ———. He manages a department there." The bar talk then switched to the case of a man named Krause who had been arrested the day before for beating his seventeen-year-old daughter and breaking her back in three places.

In a restaurant the following day I saw that department manager again, a tall, somewhat melancholy-looking man with graying hair, and with eyes that had a remote yet friendly expression. He was sitting alone at a table, and I went up to him and asked him why he had left us so precipitately the previous afternoon. "Ah," he said with a shrug, "I shouldn't talk, really. I'm in no position. I can't help it sometimes, though." Did I want some coffee? I did. Our desultory conversation never quite got around to McCarthy.

Lawrence College

Any town, I suppose, is a good town for a stroller as long as you don't have to live there and as long as it's new to you. Idling on the bridges, I watched the black-and-white whistlers swimming about on the dark waters of the Fox—ice-free here throughout the winter because of the heat of the mills. On a back street I found a man who had hung up his shingle as a CERTIFIED DIVINE HEALER. I stopped in at the *Post-Crescent,* where Edna Ferber got her start, and I tried to find, and did not find, the locksmith's shop where Harry Houdini got *his* start. In the men's room of a bar I came upon the following graffito: ABELARD LOVES HELOISE. It was the joyful work of a student, no doubt; the Lawrence College campus lay only a few blocks away.

Lawrence is perhaps the best of the small colleges in Wisconsin. A new Art Center and a new Students' Union building have given it a bright and modern air. It boasts as artist-in-residence Tom Dietrich, and it has also a writer-in-residence, Warren Beck, who was one of the early Faulkner enthusiasts and is now a recognized Faulkner critic. I visited both the Art Center and the Union. In the former I saw a girl in ballet costume sitting on a chair with her head fallen between her knees and her arms artistically dangling; a silver-and-gold shower of eighteenth-century music fell about her, released by a hidden sprinkling system—it was a pleasant scene. It was pleasant, too, in the Union. I drank coffee again, this time with a pair of students. One was a pale Sunday-school-type youth, the other plump and chuckling—quite plainly a Youth-for-Lucifer youth. The pale one, I discovered, was majoring in government; the other, as nearly as I could make out, was majoring in conviviality. Neither of them had anything to say about Joseph R. McCarthy. Wishing them success in their respective fields, I bade them good-by and took a turn through the handsome main hall, which was across the corridor. There was a great fireplace here, and a long expanse of glass looking out upon the valley. It was late afternoon; blue, gray, and green shadows were forming along the edges of the river. A few whistlers were flying and turning in the last of the light.

The Other McCarthy

I had noticed, I didn't remember where, a placard announcing an auction for the coming day. With the help of a friend I found it again, and with the help of yet another friend, a pulp writer who specializes in trunk murders, we fixed the site of the sale, which was at a crossroads some miles out in the country. The property involved was a tavern, a barbershop, a house, and an acre of land. The auctioneer was H. F. McCarthy, Joe's brother. At one o'clock the following afternoon the three of us set out, and after getting twice lost, twice passing the same pheasant farm

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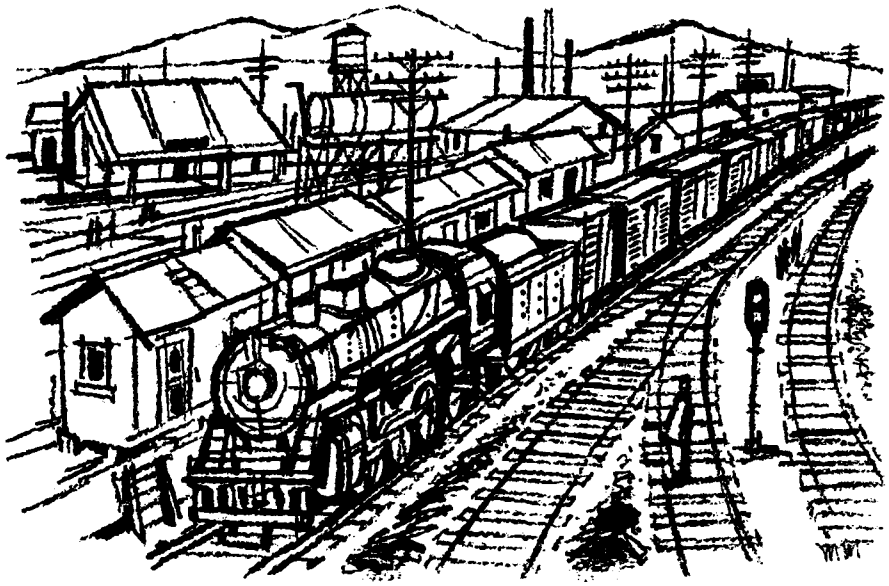
with cages full of dazzling birds, and twice coming upon a player piano lying at a crazy angle in the ditch, we arrived at our destination. The landscape was bleak and bare, the three buildings that were to be sold were shabby-looking structures loosely grouped together on a slope at the intersection of the country roads. The country sky was gray and vaguely threatening.

There were twenty or thirty cars parked around the tavern, and the bar inside was jammed and the air was foggy with smoke. The customers were farmers mostly, weather-roughened men wearing plaid jackets and wool caps. They were drinking beer and talking in subdued voices, and their women had gathered by themselves, talking but not drinking. The women apparently had dressed for the occasion; their hair was newly set and nearly all of them were wearing burgundy-colored coats with fluffy, foxy-looking collars. All seemed to be about the same age, around forty or forty-five, squat, heavy-looking women with dull faces and flat, harsh voices. A few silent children stood in corners or behind tables sucking dispiritedly on bottles of orange pop.

There were two bars in two different rooms, the second a teen-agers' beer bar. This was the room in which the sale was to be held, and we found a place to stand here, ordered Schlitz, and waited for McCarthy to finish his last-minute instructions to his two ringmen. When he had finished, he called to the barmaid in the adjoining room and told her to stop serving drinks. He then stepped up on a beer case behind the bar and began explaining the terms of the sale while the farmers pushed in from the other room. When everyone was in who wanted to get in, he removed his wrist watch, placed it carefully on the back bar behind him, smiled and rubbed his hands together and said, "All right, folks, let's go." And it went. Ten, eleven, twelve—up to fifteen thousand dollars in a matter of seconds. There it hung momentarily, and while it hung, McCarthy began to stoke the fire. He slipped on a pair of gray buckskin gloves, struck his hands together loudly, and in a voice grown suddenly hoarse, leaned forward and shouted, "Hall right, folks! High honorificabilitudinitatibus d o l l a r s, who'll gimme honorificabilitudinitatibus-rappahanock dollars? *Whoooll*



gimme honorificabilitudinitatibus-rappahanock dollars?" The chant was on. This was what the farmers had come for.

Howard is almost the spit and image of his brother Joe, a man of middle height, heavy-set, with a blue chin and black hair. He was wearing a dark-blue expensive-looking suit and a gray hat, now pushed to the back of his head. He is a successful auctioneer, and compared with his ringmen, who were now slipping through the crowd like thieves trying to stir up a fight, an honest-looking man. He sang well, his voice husky and relentlessly driving, and you could feel the tension mounting steadily in the small, overcrowded, smoke-blinded room. He called for more light, and someone switched on a Blatz neon sign which threw a bloody glare across the faces of the farmers. He called for a glass of warm water, and a hand appeared, holding it up to him. There was no pause in the proceedings. If the auctioneer stopped to catch his breath, the ringmen took it up at once, taunting the crowd, making light of the one, two, or three hundred dollars needed to push the bid up to even money. "Two hundred dollars!" one of them cried. "Why, we get more than that for a cow!" It was meant to be funny, but nobody laughed.

At eighteen thousand dollars, McCarthy held up both his hands. "All right, folks," he said, "We're going to call it off for five minutes. We ain't gonna serve no drinks, folks, we're just gonna open the doors and let out some of the smoke." He called his ringmen in and the three of them put their heads together behind the bar, talking earnestly and making notes on the slips of paper each of them carried. It was a diabolical triptych: one pinched, sallow, evil-looking face, one gross and shapeless face—and the familiar McCarthy face, a blameless countenance, but too well known to be altogether reassuring. Their take was to be five per cent.

When the bidding was resumed, the field had fallen off to two prospective buyers. With great difficulty the price was pushed up to eighteen and a half and then finally to nineteen thousand dollars, where it was abruptly terminated. The new owners, a flushed and excited-looking young couple, were pulled in behind the bar by McCarthy and introduced to the crowd; the farmers began to shuffle out. None had bid on the property. They were there for the drama, they had witnessed it, and they were apparently satisfied. It was primitive, realistic theater, and very cheap—that is, if you didn't lose your head and get in on the bidding yourself. Men had been known to do that. In fact, that was the purpose of auctions.

Farewell to Appleton

The world was a silent world when I awoke next morning. It was Sunday, a white, obscuring fog had moved in sometime during the night; the hotel seemed deserted. Downstairs I found the dining room closed, and when I went out on the street it was like walk-

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ing out into a strangely illuminated cloud. There seemed to be a great deal of light all about, and yet I couldn't see across the street. There was no one stirring, no cars moving. On College Avenue, however (this is Appleton's main street), I found a little Sunday-morning activity—a few churchgoers bent toward the sound of muffled bells, a crawling taxi, its yellow lights shining helplessly into the fog. A neon EAT sign appeared, and I went in there. The counterman was leaning on the counter reading "Mark Trail," and before he waited on me he took a pencil and marked his place.

By the time I finished breakfast, the fog had begun to thin a little. The valley was still lost to sight, but from a promontory near the college I could hear the hum of the big machines in the vague, misty sea below. It was the last distinct sound I heard there—the last sound I remember, at any rate. I went back to the hotel and packed, then bought a paper, now that the paper stand was open, and sat down and waited for the fog to ease off so that it would be safe to drive. There was something in the paper about Joe that morning—some sort of Houdini exhibition. Like Houdini, he had put himself into a strait-jacket (seemingly) and two minutes later, before all those astonished spectators, he had popped out free and unfettered. It was a good act, the paper said; you had to hand it to Joe; Joe was clever.

Freedom of Conscience At Piedmont College

HAROLD C. FLEMING

AFFLICTED with dwindling incomes and rising operating costs, sagging enrollments and mounting deficits, many small private colleges have been desperately wondering, "Where can we find new donors?" For Piedmont College, a small denominational school in the mountains of north Georgia, the question has become more complex: "Are a donor's political views important?"

Piedmont's president, the Reverend James E. Walter, D.D., has insisted that the answer is "No." Others connected with Piedmont have disagreed. In the course of the controversy, faculty members have been fired, trustees have resigned, students have demonstrated, and the college has suffered a spate of unfavorable publicity. Last February, the present board of trustees decided, with one dissenting vote, that the president's answer was the right one.

The contributor in question is the Texas Educational Association, which for over a year has given Piedmont $500 a month—according to President Walter—"with no strings attached." The aims of T.E.A. have been variously interpreted. Its charter says that it was established to aid "educational mediums advocating the perpetuation of constitutional government." It is financed by George W. Armstrong, a wealthy Natchez and Fort Worth oil man, and directed by George Van Horn Moseley of Atlanta, a retired major general in the U.S. Army. When the story of Piedmont's connection with T.E.A. broke, local newspapers came up with interesting back files on both Moseley and Armstrong.

Armstrong was most readily identified as the would-be benefactor of Jefferson Military College in Mississippi. In 1949 he had offered this small school oil lands valued at $50 million, on condition that its curriculum stress "Anglo-Saxon superiority" and "constitutional government." Jefferson's trustees had declined.

By Armstrong's definition, "constitutional government" is an extraordinary doctrine. As expounded in his pamphlet "Zionist Wall Street," it entails the repeal of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, deportation of all immigrants who have arrived in the United States since the First World War, and the trial and execution of such prominent American Jews as Felix Frankfurter and Bernard Baruch.

General Moseley was remembered by the press for his outspoken animus against the Jews and for calling U.S. democracy "a perversion of constitutional government." Among the many unorthodox causes he has championed are Gerald L. K. Smith's Christian Nationalist Crusade and the race-baiting Columbians, both on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. In the late 1930's, his pro-Nazi views won him the adulation of the German-American Bund and the censure of the House Committee on Un-American Activities headed by Martin Dies. General Moseley has been described by Piedmont's President Walter as "a straightforward and distinguished soldier who is using the golden years of retirement to express a genuine interest in the welfare of hard-working and sincere youth like our scholarship-work students at Piedmont."

Campus in Spring

One day recently I drove up to Piedmont College for a talk with President Walter. There was no particular reason to suppose he would see me; I had no appointment and had been warned that he was generally unsympathetic toward the press. But it was a sunny day with

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a hint of spring in it, and the prospect of a drive in the mountains was pleasant.

Piedmont's "campus" consists of a makeshift assortment of buildings scattered about the tiny community of Demorest, Georgia. A motorist driving along the highway that bisects the college and the town can hardly distinguish between the two. Only Piedmont's gymnasium, library, and men's dormitory—all recently built—have a conventional college air. One building, which houses classrooms and administrative offices, was once a livery stable. The women's dormitory occupies an old summer hotel of the sort that flourished toward the end of the nineteenth century.

The president's office is in the rear of a crumbling frame structure on the opposite side of the highway. There I found President Walter in a cubbyhole of a room busy over a dictating machine. He is a robust man in his forties, with a square, youthful face, pink cheeks, and wavy blond hair.

"I think I'll have to tell you what we tell all the representatives of the press," he greeted me. "If you're interested in the Texas Educational Association, you'll have to see the president of our board of trustees."

Hastily I said I was interested in Piedmont College and would be content with whatever he chose to tell me about it. He meditated for a while. "In that case," he said finally, "I guess I can ask you to sit down."

Press Conference

In the midst of these preliminaries, Sylvan Meyer, editor of the *Times* of nearby Gainesville, appeared at the door. He was also in quest of an interview, and after some further parleying was invited to join us.

Walter had just returned from an extended trip out West. Meyer started things off by asking him if he had enjoyed it. We were all, I felt, intensely conscious of the fact that Texas is usually considered a Western state. Walter said the trip had been fine.

"If I may ask, was it business or personal?" Meyer queried.

Walter smiled briefly. "Whenever I leave this campus, you can be certain it's in the interest of Piedmont College. I was visiting our churches, telling them about our program of Christian higher education." He explained that while

Piedmont gets contributions from various Protestant churches, it is rightly termed a Congregational college. It was founded by Congregationalists in 1897 to make higher education available to promising youngsters from its region.

"Very little money comes directly from the church." Walter explained to us, "only a yearly grant of $1,250, which isn't much in a $200,000 annual budget."

We asked him to tell us something about himself. "I'm an ordinary guy," he said. "In a way, though, I belong here in these mountains. I'm of Swiss inheritance, you see, and the Alps are sort of in my blood."

He told us that he had been born in Toledo, Ohio, and had studied chemistry for two years at the University of Toledo. "At the end of the second year I had what is usually referred to as a 'call.' I was troubled; I didn't know what it meant. I took a year out of school to think about it—sold washing machines. By the end of that year, I knew I wanted to be a minister and devote my life to the work of the church." He had then studied for the ministry at Otterbein College in Ohio and at Yale's Berkeley Divinity School.

His association with Piedmont is of long standing. For years, as project secretary of the Congregational Missions Council, he had had the job of escorting potential donors to the college. "The two preceding presidents said I found more money for Piedmont than anybody," he told us. In 1947 Piedmont awarded him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

When Walter accepted the presidency in 1949, the finances of the college were in rather bad shape. "The endowment is still only $185,000," he said, "though it's grown $60,000 during my administration. That's quite an accomplishment if you consider the situation when I came. There was a stack of unpaid bills this high." He lifted his hand some ten inches. "It's expensive to carry on a service of this kind. Where else can a boy or girl get a quality college education for $600 a year, including board, room, and tuition?"

Persecution by the Papers

Walter stared resentfully at the imaginary stack of bills. "That's the trouble with this business about the Texas Educational Association," he announced suddenly. "Instead of telling the story of Piedmont's program and helping us get support, the newspapers have seized on this extraneous issue and kicked the school around. They've chosen the things they wanted to print and ignored all the rest." He picked up a college catalogue and began twisting it about. "If the press could kill this school, it would."

In defense of the press, Meyer observed that Armstrong and Moseley are men whose records no newspaper could ignore.

Walter gave an exasperated grunt. "Armstrong doesn't have a thing to do with the distribution of the T.E.A. money. He's not even one of the T.E.A. trustees. Did you know that? Not a single newspaper has reported that fact. They've deliberately fostered the impression that Armstrong is distributing the funds."

I said my understanding was that George W. Armstrong supplied the foundation's capital but left active direction to his son, A. J. Armstrong, and Moseley. And, I asked, wasn't the younger Armstrong a T.E.A. trustee?

"Yes, he is," replied Walter, almost triumphantly. "Have you—the press—done any checking on *his* record? You haven't even bothered to look into that. He's the kind of man who serves on the President's committee. He's looked up to in responsible business circles . . ."

As a matter of fact, A. J. Armstrong has been widely noticed by the press on at least one occasion. That was when he conveyed his father's offer, racist conditions and all, to the trustees of Jefferson Military College. Meyer asked which committee of the President's the younger Armstrong had served on.

Walter searched his memory for a

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moment, then waved his hand. "I'm not the one to give information on his background. That would be up to him."

Since the discussion of the Armstrongs seemed at an end, I turned to the subject of General Moseley. "Isn't it understandable." I asked, "that his record figured in the news stories about the T.E.A. grant?"

Walter shook his head impatiently. "That's all the press has done—go back and dig up old records. They haven't pointed out one single thing General Moseley has done in relation to Piedmont that isn't perfectly proper."

Fractious Faculty Members . . .

There was a brief silence. I guessed that Meyer was doing the same thing I was—recalling the event that had touched off the controversy. Three days before Thanksgiving, 1950, General Moseley had appeared as principal speaker at a Piedmont student-faculty banquet. He had been invited, it developed, by President Walter, who was then negotiating for the T.E.A. grant.

Meyer asked if Walter could remember what the General had said in his Thanksgiving speech. "I remember perfectly," said Walter. "It was a brief talk, hardly more than ten minutes. General Moseley remarked on how fortunate we are to be Americans— to live in a free country, instead of under the shadow of Communism. You know, he was in this anti-Communist fight a long time ago, 'way before everybody else got on the band wagon."

This last comment moved me to remind Walter that shortly before the Second World War, the General had declared that fascist groups in this country were our best protection, since they stood between us and Communism. Walter said that he wasn't familiar with the utterance.

He recalled the "Thanksgiving incident" with some bitterness. Among the faculty members at the banquet had been Hoyt E. Bowen, a young Navy veteran who had known a little of General Moseley's background and had taken pains to find out more. Two days later, at the conclusion of chapel services, he had risen and delivered an angry speech to the assembled faculty and students. In the subsequent upheaval, nineteen faculty members had called for rejection of the T.E.A. funds, a mass meeting of students had added a demand that President Walter be ousted, and the Alumni Association had voted to withhold co-operation from the college until both Walter and the T.E.A. were dissociated from it.

"Bowen's speech attacked General Moseley and me in the most intemperate language," Walter recollected. "Later, I went to General Moseley and told him exactly what had happened. The natural reaction of a donor would have been, 'All right, they don't want the money, then we won't give it to them.' But the General was very understanding.

"Naturally I called Bowen in and told him his contract wouldn't be renewed." A few weeks ago Dean A. R. Van Cleave resigned in protest over the T.E.A. grant, declaring that such a subsidy put the college under an influence "foreign to American democracy and Christianity."

. . . and the Fractious Trustee

I mentioned the fact that one of the trustees, Josephine Wilkins of Atlanta, had resigned in February after the board approved the T.E.A. grant. A past state president of the League of Women Voters and administrator of the Georgia Citizens Fact-Finding Movement, Miss Wilkins was concerned about what she termed "a vital issue of principle." In her statement to the press she declared, in part:

"I find it impossible to believe that . . . this money is now being distributed with the sole aim of educational philanthropy. . . . Regardless of the initial terms on which such money as this is given, it can serve as an opening wedge for attempts to warp educational integrity.

"This is a time of world-wide struggle to influence the human mind. In this struggle the pressure of every totalitarian philosophy is made stronger by each advocate of its views. Common to them is the effort to use the established channels of education for the indoctrination of youth. . . . Merely by way of example to other small struggling colleges, Piedmont assumes a grave responsibility in allowing its good name to dignify this dangerous financial source. . . ."

'Not Our Business'

Walter agreed that Miss Wilkins's statement was temperate and fair-minded, but he took issue with her logic. "We don't approve or disapprove the total philosophy of any of our donors," he said. "That's not our business. We're not concerned with a donor's views so long as there are no strings attached to his contribution."

"Suppose one of your donors made a public proposal which you felt was extremely objectionable," I suggested. "Would you feel free to criticize him?"

To Walter the question seemed pretty hypothetical, so I illustrated with a quotation from General Moseley; in 1938 he had publicly urged the sterilization of all European political refugees admitted to the United States.

Walter pondered this for a while. "I'll put it this way," he said carefully. "If a statement by a donor were laid before me, and if I were asked to criticize any parts of it with which I disagreed, and if I had any reason to do so, I wouldn't hesitate to criticize it." His face brightened. "You see, I have freedom of conscience. That's a glorious thing. I got it during the year I took off to consider the ministry, and I've had it ever since. That's why, during this whole business, I haven't lost a night's sleep—I haven't lost an *hour's* sleep!"

Not long ago, somebody expressed doubt that Piedmont College would accept money "with no strings attached" from the Communist Party. I put the question to Walter.

Without hesitation, he answered, "Quite simply, Yes. If you can get me a grant under those conditions from the Communist Party, I'll accept it in a minute." Then, leaning forward and emphasizing each word, he added, "Piedmont will take money without strings from anybody who wants to contribute to our program of Christian higher education."

He paused, evidently struck by a sudden doubt. "I would make one exception. I wouldn't take money, even without strings, from a dishonest source —say a bootlegger. It may seem inconsistent, but I'm a little old-fashioned about things like that."

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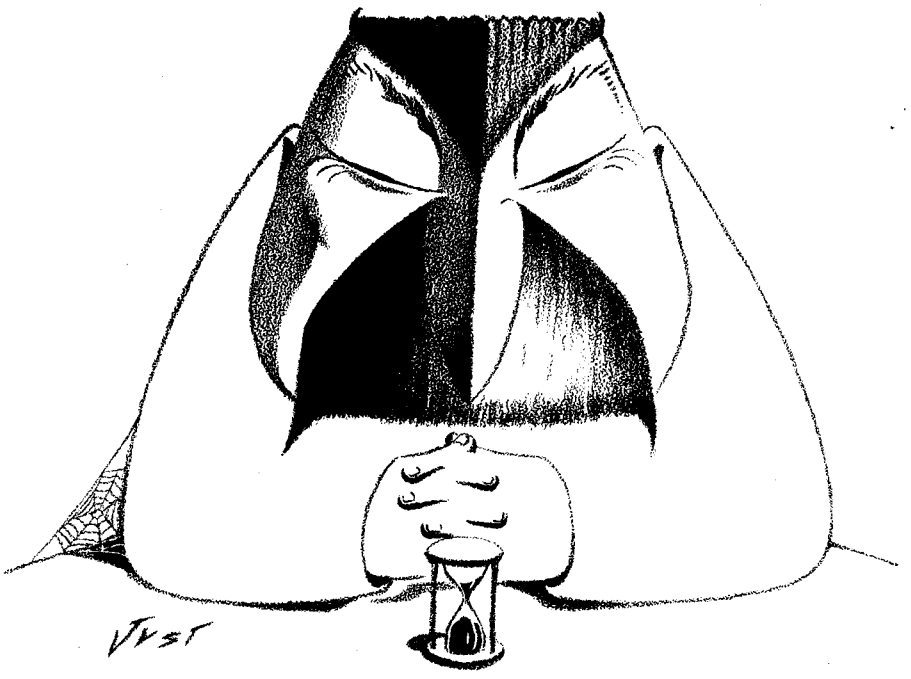

Stalin's Stake In Mao's Army

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE integration of Russian and Chinese power is still in its initial phases, and it is difficult to foresee how far it will develop; but it is already making itself deeply felt in Russia, China, and beyond.

The most powerful impulse toward integration has been the common interest of Moscow and Peking in the Korean War, which has overshadowed the actual and potential differences between the two governments. Two years ago the Chinese Communists were still jealous of the foothold the Russians had obtained in Manchuria under Stalin's 1945 treaty with Chiang Kai-shek. In February, 1950, Mao returned from Moscow with a new pact of friendship and with the promise of a Russian withdrawal from Manchuria.

The Russians have since partly honored that promise. The Chinese Eastern Railway is back under Chinese control. Some industrial installations and strategic positions, such as Port Arthur, have also been relinquished. Russian influence nevertheless remains strong in Manchuria. But Mao's government seems now to welcome rather than to resent it. This change of attitude has been dictated more by power calculations than by ideological solidarity. Mao is convinced that as long as the Russians have a stake in Manchuria they are committed to the defense of the whole northeastern fringe of China and will not strike any bargain with the West at the expense of their Chinese allies.

Since China intervened in the Korean War, the present Red Chinese régime has grown increasingly dependent on Russia, in spite of the fact that it came into existence independently of Russia and even in the face of Stalin's opposition to Mao's self-confident revolutionary strategy.

Economic Build-up

There are many aspects of this new dependence. Soviet diplomacy acts as the mouthpiece for its young and boycotted brother. It is with Russian help that Communist China has been breaking the economic quasi blockade imposed upon it by the West. Last year, according to Communist figures, seventy per cent of all Chinese imports came from Russia and the Russian bloc, and seventy-eight per cent of China's exports went to those countries.

A mixed Russo-Chinese company has begun to develop civil aviation in China; and two such mixed companies operate in Sinkiang, concentrating on the development of local mineral resources, which include oil and uranium. Russian heavy industrial equipment is arriving in China and plays its part in the opening of an ambitious industrialization drive. True enough, Russia cannot spare much equipment. But what it can and does spare is just as much as China, with its limited industrial skill and labor, can immediately absorb and assimilate. At the same time, Russian scientists, engineers, and teachers train the Chinese in industrial and administrative jobs. This form of assistance does not amount to much by American or European standards, but it is quite impressive by Asian ones. Both Russian and Chinese propagandists dwell on the contrast between Russia's economic helpfulness and the treatment which the West, when its influence was predominant, accorded to China.

It is difficult to gauge the real scope of this economic co-operation, and one suspects that there is a lot of window dressing. To give only one instance: We are told that seventy per cent of Chinese imports came from the Soviet bloc in 1951, but no indication is given of the volume of the trade, and we are left to guess what the percentage figure, even if it is accurate, means.

Military Integration

It is not in the economic field, however, that the integration of Russian and Chinese power has made the most sig-

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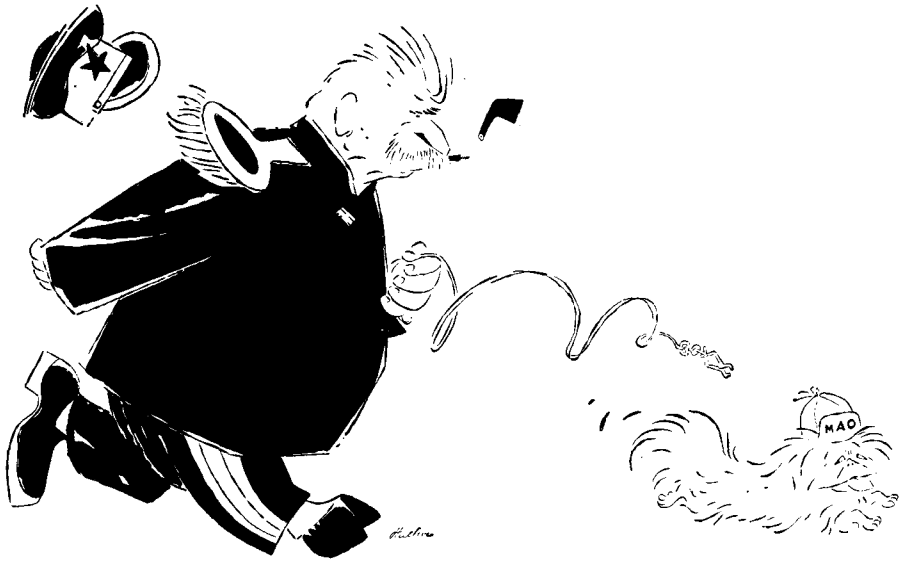

nificant strides. Because the immediate impulse for it has been of a military nature, the process has been most advanced in the military and strategic spheres. About this aspect of the problem Peking and Moscow have been silent, but the outlines emerge quite clearly from independent reports.

When the Chinese decided to intervene in Korea, Moscow viewed the venture with considerable skepticism. The Politburo was not sure what account the Chinese would give of themselves in a struggle against well-led western troops with superior weapons. Nor was the Kremlin confident that Mao would be able to keep complete control over his "volunteers." The Kremlin's skepticism has since been dispelled. The Chinese detachments in Korea have proved their mettle, and Mao and his generals have demonstrated their ability to keep up morale and maintain discipline. From this the Kremlin has drawn the conclusion that it is worth while, from the Russian viewpoint, to give the Chinese the heavy modern equipment and the planes, including jets, which the Kremlin had earlier refused to supply to the North Koreans. These weapons have radically changed the fighting in Korea.

Recon Operation

The Korean battles have, for the Russians, become a sort of reconnaissance operation, in the light of which they appear to have made certain decisions concerning the whole relationship between the Russian and the Chinese armed forces.

In the course of nearly two decades the organization of Russia's Far Eastern forces was completely separated from that of its western forces. The separation was initiated on Marshal Mikhail N. Tukhachevsky's advice in 1932, when the powerful Japanese Kwantung Army appeared in Manchuria to menace Russia's Siberian frontier. General (later Marshal) Vasili K. Blücher, who was placed in command of the Far Eastern Army, organized it on the basis of complete self-sufficiency in manpower, supplies, and arms production. Throughout the 1930's, the Politburo reckoned with the probability that Russia would have to fight simultaneously against Germany and Japan. Since the two fronts would be separated by about six thousand miles and connected only by the Trans-Siberian Railway, everything was done to make the Far Eastern Army independent of any reinforcement from the West.

About one-quarter of Russia's military potential was invested in the Siberian frontier areas. Thirty divisions with strong armored elements and a self-contained air force confronted the Kwantung Army in 1941. During the war, however, the Soviet Supreme Command was compelled to draw on the Far Eastern Army in order to make up for losses suffered on the German front. The Stalingrad battle was fought mainly by units that had originally belonged to the Far Eastern Army. The wartime establishment of that army was planned at sixty divisions. Stalin brought it up to this strength before he declared war on Japan in 1945.

The emergence of Communist China promised to remove any danger from Russia's Chinese frontier, and so to render the Far Eastern Army virtually superfluous. From the Russian viewpoint, however, it was risky to draw this conclusion as long as Mao had not consolidated his power and had not fully clarified his attitude toward Stalin. The existence of an "unfriendly" régime in South Korea and the possibility that South Korea might be used as a springboard by hostile western forces underlined for the Russians the continued need for a large and self-sufficient force in the Far East. This explains, up to a point, the extreme parsimony with which the Russians equipped the North Koreans in the first stages of the Korean War. Munitions for the Koreans (and for the Chinese) could come only from the arsenals of the Far Eastern Army; and these the Politburo and the Russian General Staff seemed unwilling to deplete.

Where the Jets Come From

The lesson that the Politburo and the General Staff appear to have drawn from the Korean campaign is that they can afford to entrust the Chinese armies with the role hitherto played by the Russian Far Eastern Army. In all probability that army is being dismantled, although perhaps a nucleus is being left. Much of its supply seems to have been placed at the disposal of the Chinese, which accounts for the large numbers of Russian tanks and planes that have appeared in Korea and China within the past year. Military observers seem to agree that the Russian supplies have not consisted of obsolescent matériel. In view of the relative stringency of Russian industrial resources, the Russians would not have been in a position to supply their allies with modern weapons in substantial quantities, if by doing so they had not achieved some important economy in their own military strength. What they are saving is nearly a quarter of their manpower, which now goes to provide reserves for their European armies. Thus the combination of Russia's Far Eastern arsenals with Chinese manpower is likely to have an immediate effect on the balance of military strength in Europe.

The limiting factor in this partnership is China's technological backwardness. The Peking government is not

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even in a position to introduce full-scale conscription, for the simple reason that it could not arm such a force even with rifles. Mao also lacks the officers, barracks, and other equipment needed for such numbers.

For the time being, military service in China is, at least officially, voluntary. Four hundred thousand men are reported to be receiving regular training. The gradual expansion of training cadres, however, and the building up of a native armament industry may, in the course of time, permit the growth of a truly formidable force.

The prospects for the integration of Russian and Chinese power depend mainly on whether the present friendship between Moscow and Peking remains undisturbed. Stalin obviously relies on western policy, which has done so much to bring about that friendship, to work toward its perpetuation.

'After You, My Dear Mao'

On the other hand, Stalin seems to be applying in China a lesson he has learned from his conflict with Tito. He is trying to spare Chinese national susceptibilities and is making a tremendous show of treating China as Russia's equal. He has gone so far as to accept with good grace the "insolent" propaganda claim that for the Communist revolutions in "colonial and semicolonial countries" Mao has played a role comparable to that of Lenin and Stalin in the Soviet revolutions in Russia and Europe. In this connection, the following incident is noteworthy: The Communist Party of India until recently refused to accept Mao's pretensions and professed pure Stalinism. But Moscow has sharply rebuked the Indian Communist leaders and told them to bow to the new ideological authority of Peking. This gesture on Stalin's part has made old Comintern people rub their eyes in incredulity: It is almost as if the Pope had recognized another infallible Head of the Church.

Russian and Chinese sources are also making much play of the "generosity" of the trade terms Russia has offered China. It is said that the prices the Chinese pay for Russian goods are twenty per cent below world prices and that Russia pays higher prices for Chinese goods than any other buyer. It will be remembered that the conflict over trade terms was given as one of the main motives for the feud between Tito and Stalin. All this "generosity" may, of course, be a figment of the propagandists' imagination. But there may be something more to it. The stakes in the Russo-Chinese game are so high that compared with them the balance of trade between the two countries is a minor affair. The Russians may very well be willing to pay a few kopecks more for Chinese tea or rice if Chinese manpower can protect Siberia.

Those familiar with the brutality that Stalinism has shown in the treatment of its smaller dependencies must wonder how far this game will be carried. At present the diplomat in Stalin desperately tries to suppress the bully. But will not the bully reassert himself and sooner or later spoil the game?

Dakar: African Boomtown-sur-Mer

ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER

A MOSQUITO bite on an elephant's ear, Dakar sits on the outermost edge of the bulge of French West Africa, about halfway between New York and Capetown or London and Rio. It is the capital of Senegal and the surrounding territories that make up Afrique Occidentale Française, a country half as big as the United States and eight times the size of France, and by far the biggest country south of the Sahara.

Inspector General Piollet of the French Overseas Air Force wrote in the Christmas issue of *France Outremer*, "If western Europe has a chance in world conflict, that chance is Africa." His point was illustrated by a map of the continent showing North Africa as a zone of advanced operations, backed by the Sahara, and behind this the great depth of Africa dotted with major bases for strategic aviation, plus service, training, and supply bases.

Money and materials have been pouring into Dakar since the end of the Second World War. Skyscrapers (by African measurement) of eight to fourteen stories are sprouting all over town. Some 2,300 citizens are coming out from the mother country every year to make their fortune, and, with fifty per cent more males than females here, it's a French girl's best chance to get married. Dakar is an important French airbase now, as it was an American one toward the end of the war. Some fourteen international airlines come through the big suburban airport at Yoff—everything from the Portuguese line T.A.P. to Pan American, on its two-day run from New York to Johannesburg. As a result, the inhabitants have become air snobs, and it takes considerable forensic talent to persuade

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the post office that you really want to send a letter or even a postcard by boat mail.

The changes in Dakar since we were last here about a year ago are striking. There are new bus shelters with neon lights in front of the Marché Indigène (about five per cent more indigenous than the European Market). New bars have opened all along the main street, full of Bière Slavia, Moët et Chandon, Pernod, and Cinzano, to quench the thirst of the young *colons* coming off every boat. Most of them wear bush jackets and very short shorts, and some display the fashionable St.-Germain-des-Prés fringe beard so that they look like Existentialists with a sunburn. They are served by barmaids who are frequently veterans of the oases around Place Pigalle and environs, and who use the Clochemerle, or service-with-a-smile, approach to encourage the patrons.

More Beer Than Water

Recently finished or shortly to be completed here are large docks (Dakar has been an important Atlantic watering and victualing stop for nearly a hundred years), a cold-storage plant, reservoirs, highways, school and college buildings, laboratories, post office, customs buildings, and slaughterhouse. Socony, Anglo-Iranian, and the Atlantic and Texas Oil companies are all building storage facilities in the port, which is now the largest in the French Union outside metropolitan France in tonnage handled.

There are a number of explanations of the boom, but it's certainly on. Anyone who stops off here without an ample supply of traveler's checks is in for a nasty jar. The cost of living approximately trebled between 1945 and 1950, and it shot ahead another twenty-five per cent in the past year. Room and board at La Croix du Sud, the leading hotel, runs from twenty to twenty-five dollars a day, but for perhaps half this the visitor can stay at a slatternly barracks out near the airport, if he doesn't mind the absence of locks, privacy, cleanliness, coat hangers, and running water except for a couple of hours around each mealtime. If you're thirsty, though, the Croix du Sud will sell you a bottle of beer for seventy cents. Newspapers cost seven to twenty-seven cents. And you can buy Parisian jewelry and perfume at a handsome markup for as long as your money lasts.

The Housing Bubble

People hustle in Dakar. You can have a four-room bungalow put up in three or four months if you are willing to pay the price, currently about $17,000. Choice lots on Dakar's crowded peninsula sell for $72 to $84 per square meter, and in one of the larger buildings the proprietors are offering four-room apartments for about $500 a month. So far there have been few takers, but the management is confidently waiting for the housing shortage to assert itself. Or, as some people have been heard to say hopefully, "Well, with the world situation the way it is. . . . Just wait till the American Air Force comes here. They're already in Casablanca. . . ."

Dakarois architectural styles run from "California" villas without patios to the massive pseudo-Sudanese efforts

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with built-in obelisk motifs popular after the 1931 Paris Colonial Exposition. Sprinkled here and there like the egg clusters of a Martian monster are rows of the globular Airform "balloon houses," an American invention which has been used a good deal here.

The balloon houses are just that. A balloon is blown up on a circular base, a couple of coats of cement applied, door and windows installed, and a disk-like ventilator stuck on top. The balloon is then deflated to be used for a half a dozen more. They cost about $1,000 each to build, have a shower, toilet, electric light, and sewer, and are tolerably comfortable except that some of them tend to leak in the rainy season. The balloons at Terme Sud in the dry brown-and-gray underbrush near the airport are known as Nichonville, translated most politely as Bosom Town. Enough sites with community water, electricity, and sewage disposal have been prepared so that some thirty to forty thousand Africans have already been relocated from the central slums of the Medina, a shanty town that seems to be made mostly out of thatch, slats, and flattened five-gallon gasoline cans hung with rusting iron hoops and old bicycle tires. Another thirty thousand Africans are due to be removed by next November, leaving perhaps sixty thousand in the Medina.

'Pin-Up Butter'

Meanwhile, the town continues to grow. Dakar, which had a population of seventeen thousand in 1910 and sixty thousand in 1931, now numbers almost a quarter of a million, of whom about twenty-five thousand are Europeans, mostly metropolitan Frenchmen, who have been attracted by two-year contracts at high wages, cost-of-living allowances, annual bonuses, paid home leaves, and, quite often, free quarters.

The flow of metropolitan French is mostly to the Ivory Coast and Senegal. In an average batch there will be perhaps twenty-five mechanics and technicians, an equal number of business people, a couple of engineers, and half a dozen missionaries. Few of these stay. If they are government employees, they may do their two-year tour, then move on to another part of the French Union. Others spend anywhere from one tour to a working lifetime here, but the chances are that they'll go back to

France when they retire. They live frugally, make as much money as possible, and take it home. Everybody is out for a fast franc.

Apart from politico-military expenditures, Afrique Occidentale Française's prosperity depends largely on a humble vegetable, the peanut. It is exported both as oil and nuts, and sometimes as a paste called Oleca, identified by one serious French publication as "the 'pin-up butter' so particularly appreciated by Americans." Last year, because of the Korean War, the price of peanuts nearly doubled, and everybody made a killing. This year, with the lull in Korea, prices have tumbled, and farmers are letting their crops rot on the ground in an effort to force prices up. It's not quite a one-crop country, but peanuts account for anywhere from half to a third of A.O.F.'s exports, and coffee and cacao make up much of the rest, with moderate exports also of bananas, timber, and palm oil.

The Bomb Shelter

After the Allied landings in North Africa, Dakar jumped off the Vichy bandwagon, and the last years of the war were not unprofitable. Later, Marshall aid helped a good deal, but this will end next June, and the Mutual Security Agency, which has taken the place of ECA, hasn't yet stepped into the breach. Road construction will probably have to be cut next year, and this will mean a lot of people out of work.

But the French government's ten-year plan, though perhaps not on its original billion-dollar scale, will continue. Possibly a third of it will have been completed this year. There are persistent rumors of fugitive capital coming here from France and even from Indo-China, and while there is no doubt at least some of the former, it is probably a good deal less than the amount going to Morocco. In any case, about eighty per cent of the money being pumped into A.O.F. comes from the government itself. Part of this is ordinary long-term overseas investment, but in the back of everyone's head seems to be the consideration that in the event of a world conflict and the fall of France (it's curious how all sides seem to take this for granted), it would be handy to have a nice big base and temporary capital which was less exposed than the shores of North Africa.

Tourism is hardly an important factor in the local economy, though last year the authorities did receive 120 requests for visas. Of these, they granted 110, not including that of one old lady who wanted to bicycle across the Sahara. Actually, she had a good idea. There's plenty to see.

Dakar is the capital of a vast, sprawling region of 1,816,000 square miles. Five foreign territories—Gambia, Portuguese Guinea, Sierra Leone, Liberia, and the Gold Coast—are no more than enclaves carved out of its expansive coastline. And the heart of Africa continues to beat beneath its Europeanized exterior. Telephone poles sprout and take root here. All manner of defensive and offensive charms are worn by the citizens around their necks and arms. The country does a modest $2-million annual business exporting animals, mostly wild. You can buy a pair of handsome black-and-green long-tailed Senegalese parakeets for about $5. A warthog costs only $60, though naturally at this price you'll have to crate and ship it yourself. A decree of November, 1947, specifically outlaws cannibalism, yet since that time the chief of the Canton of Plapo, one Gbouely, has had to be taken in hand for allowing his aged wife to be chopped into small pieces and served to his constituents.

'. . . les plus O.K.'

To this exoticism, the metropolitan arrivals have added an appreciable amount of Frenchness. As might be expected, the peninsula's twin hills are listed on all maps as Les Mamelles. Women of all ages wear ankle-strap shoes, and frequently have that metallic dark red hair that seems the prerogative of Frenchwomen. A number of brunettes wear blond scalp locks. Officers wear képis and little boys wear

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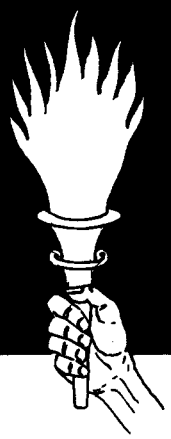
We who are free must light our own way



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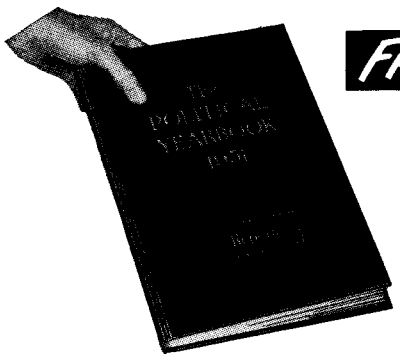

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The Reporter

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bobby pins. We have seen a black French poodle in a yellow patent-leather collar wearing a little kerchief tied over his head to keep the sun off. There are streets with Parisian names like Kléber and Victor Hugo, and even one place called the Rond-Point de l'Etoile, so travelers can feel nostalgic for two places at the same time. A new restaurant called La Vie en Rose advertises "*Une Ambiance Sympathique, les Clients les plus O.K.*"

The streets of Dakar are overflowing with bikes, busses, motor scooters, taxis, goats, chickens, and most of the races of mankind. Tall black Moslems with dignified gray beards wear bottle-green-and-lilac fezzes here with little sieve-like ventilators built in the top, and loosely cut gowns with voluminous, flapping sleeves. Clothing colors run from blue-black and royal blue to peach pink and burnt orange. Python skins are for sale in the shops.

A good part of the population keeps its teeth brilliant with chewing sticks, usually six-inch lengths of stem from manioc plants. The white French sailors' hats with the red pompons suit the black naval types here handsomely. Sun helmets and sun glasses have become a sign of African middle-class respectability, and for this reason are being increasingly abandoned by Europeans, who like to keep one step ahead. Small children of all colors do wear pith helmets, however, and go around looking like little mushrooms.

La Couture Africaine

It is the African women who dominate the scene, coming down the street like ships under full sail, gowned in yards and yards of blindingly colorful materials: batiks and butterflies, giant black polka dots on white, intricate lace-doily patterns on deep backgrounds, head-ties of Madras tropical tartans or emerald or purple satin splashed with yellow. Strung across their black-brown foreheads the women wear gold coins; enormous, finely wrought spun-gold earrings hang in their ears. Married women's heads are shaved, but they wear elaborate, fantastic wigs made of black darning wool braided into intricate sausage forms and sticking out from under their head-ties at the side like a Dutch cap or the horns of a water buffalo. Their eyes are extended in long, theatrical curves with a grease pencil, and some have short,

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dark parallel marks on their cheekbones, or a little dark-blue tattooing on their nether lips. They are extremely handsome. Beneath their finery, they wear intricate tribal scar patterns on their torsos. It is said that the women of Dakar are the most beautifully dressed in Africa, and only a cad would question it.

Except for some of the up-country people who find it more comfortable to wear just a bunch of leaves fore and aft, the clothing of the West Africans is big business. In the gloom of every little dry-goods store around the market, the sewing machines of Arab tailors whir incessantly. They'll make you a flowing robe while you wait. About $35 million worth of textiles is imported into the country every year. One company here, that of Jean Pierregrosse, has built up an extremely lucrative business in the last fifteen years by designing its own textiles, trying them out, and having them specially made up in France. Pierregrosse employs five Negro mannequins who are paid off in the clothes they wear. He is sometimes able to change the fashion every three to six months.

Black Frenchmen

The government of the dressy Dakarois and all the rest of A.O.F.'s sixteen million inhabitants, dressed and undressed, is far away in Paris. But the rule is direct, and the government institutions are highly centralized. Since the war gave impetus to the establishment of the French Union in place of the old colonial system, French West Africans have been made full citizens with the right to vote, and are now judged under French law rather than the older and more severe African code. Forced labor was successfully abolished in 1946. (Before then it was common for the "second contingent" of reservists to do manual labor instead of the usual military service.) The voters send twenty Deputies and twenty Senators to the French parliament, and twenty-seven Members to the Assembly of the French Union, which has only advisory powers.

A.O.F. has a population almost a third as large as that of France itself, but its representation in the National Assembly, which makes the laws for the whole Union, is only about three per cent. In any case, laws are made locally except for those involving civil

liberties, the criminal code, or government organization. In A.O.F., as in other French territories, the Governor General rules by decree, single-handedly interpreting the laws of France, and is responsible to the Overseas Minister, who in turn is responsible to the National Assembly, or at least to the controlling political parties.

Locally, there is also a Grand Conseil d'A.O.F.—made up of governors of individual territories, generals, local representatives, and so on—which is also mainly advisory, but which has power of the local budget and whose responsibilities are beginning to increase.

There are some concessions to immovable local customs (polygamy is permitted), but the ideal remains metropolitan French, as it does throughout the Union. "Assimilation" is the keynote of French overseas policy, and theoretically should in time make all the Africans in this part of the world into black Frenchmen. All education is in French, and the official cultural values of French West Africa are those of France itself. The more apt pupils are known as *évolués*.

In a sense, the most important news from this great chunk of Africa is the complete lack of it in the usual tabloid terms. The winds of nationalism now sweeping over a good part of this continent have yet to reach Dakar and its hinterland. There has been no violent agitation for breaking away from the French Union, or even for greatly increased local representation. Communism here isn't even a straw man to belabor. As far as can be discovered, the Stockholm Peace Appeal was never circulated here. Just after the war there was a period when the Rassemblement Démocratique d'Afrique co-operated with the French Communist Party, and some riots were instigated on the Ivory Coast at the beginning of 1950. But the R.D.A. leader, an able doctor named Houphouet-Boigny, later publicly broke with the Communists. There may be a few card-carrying workers in town, but there is no A.O.F. Communist Party, and at the time of writing no issues for it to shout about.

Polygamous Papas

Neither is there any nationalist daily press here, as in the British colonies next door. The one daily in town, *Paris-Dakar,* is conservative in tone, and seems to carry a minimum of news of any sort. The two chief contestants for political power are Léopold-Sedar Senghor and Lamine Gueye, his defeated rival, an ex-Deputy who is chief of the Socialist Party and the present mayor of Dakar, and who gave his name to the legislation that has recently extended metropolitan social-security benefits to the population here. This means that polygamous papas with thirty or so children can now claim large sums from the state, and with this ammunition Senghor's party is gleefully attacking Lamine Gueye. Personalities are more important than ideological issues here, and in the recent local electioneering, the political weeklies of both sides have largely contented themselves with calling each other names.

With good reason, the French have always prided themselves on being the least racist of the great powers. A.O.F. isn't quite the happy melting pot that Brazil is, but the stranger here senses nowhere near the same tension and subsurface animosity that he does in the American black belts or in a good part of the British West Indies. There is minor friction, of course. The housewife out from France, irritated by the tropics and what seems the deliberate idiocy of her servants, will give vent to an exasperated, *"Ah, ces indigènes!"*, but she uses much the same tone as an American growling, "These women drivers," and it means about as little.

It's significant that the French refer

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to the Negroes politely as *indigènes,* when they aren't being even more polite and calling them *autochtones.* Such discrimination as does exist is largely on a special or professional basis. Thus, the number of *évolués* permitted to go on to higher education and desirable suburban bungalow with white neighbors is limited by what the authorities think the country can absorb. They have no intention of creating an army of politically conscious unemployed clerks.

Not long ago, one of our small digests printed an article by a man who had once written a whole book about Dakar, and who pictured the Europeans in town now sipping their apéritifs "uneasily" while a black rabble surged through the streets brandishing signs reading "*Vive le Bloc Africain*!" and "Down with the Whites!" You could almost hear the tumbrils. This is nonsense. There is a certain amount of resentment at white domination here, but the tumbrils are still in the garage.

The one part of French West Africa that has seen serious friction is the Ivory Coast, which has the beginnings of an industralized working class, and it is possible that dissatisfaction there may increase. But as a Parisian reporter has observed, this is apt to take the form of crying not "Frenchmen, Go Home!" but rather "We are just as French as You Are!"

Reflections On a Red Conquest

HENRI MARCHE

THE TEMPTATION to meet the future with the strategies of the past is perhaps the most ingenious of the many traps history sets for the leaders of nations, and especially for the leaders of nations recently victorious in war. Victory blinds the winner. A victorious nation finds it difficult to conceive of fresh strategies that fresh circumstances may require. There are signs that the Russians have seen the trap and might sidestep it.

Practical as always, the Soviets seem to have very precise ideas about how to handle victorious generals: They simply disappear. Either they are shot when it is time to provide the public with a villain, or else they are put safely out of the way in museums, like a collection of tattered and glorious battle flags, available for parades or patriotic gatherings.

It is not only a question of generals. The Russians deal with the societies they control in the same way. It is something like biochemistry. They believe that the social body, like the human body, is in a constant state of fermentation and decomposition. When the first symptoms of infection appear, it may already be too late to do anything about it. Prevention may be better than cure. That is why the Russians show such fondness for sterilization and embalming. They embalmed Dimitrov just when he seemed really to believe in Communism and for that reason had become dangerous. They are taking very good care of Maurice Thorez—the French Communist leader—in a Russian hospital. They missed Tito. If they had got hold of him, they might have tried him as a traitor, but they might also simply have kept him in Russia to be admired by his followers from afar. Tito, for his own reasons, was unwilling to become a Russian ikon.

One must not be too hard on victorious generals as a class. Some of them know perfectly well how fragile their success has been, and that it came only after innumerable setbacks, incessant anxiety, and at a heavy cost. Some of them even know that you cannot win twice with the same strategy.

The generals can prepare for future wars, of course, with war games and maps, but the ultimate decision will depend on huge masses of men, men not in uniform and not docile to the orders of generals. Final victory, political victory, will be lost if, after destroying the enemy forces, an army is faced with millions of men who refuse to submit. It is this problem the Russians are able to consider with a scientific and totally inhuman objectivity. And we must realize that the strategies of resistance in occupied territories that were effective against the Germans would not be effective against the Russians.

Kriegspiel

Let us suppose that the Soviets find themselves up against the problem of controlling a defeated western Europe. It is, of course, impossible to know what they plan, and there are at least some very strong reasons why they should not want military occupation. In the first place, one can presume that they are not anxious to scatter their troops all over Europe, where they would be surrounded by hostile populations and where they would be much better targets for air attacks. In the second place, the Russians would attempt to "educate" the younger generation. But that would take ten years at least. If the Soviets felt that they had to exploit western Europe's industrial potential immediately, they would have no time for "educational" work.

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They have been conducting methodical experiments on all these problems in the satellite countries. They have used their soldiers and their propaganda and their police. The attention they pay to civilian populations indicates some of the characteristics a future war would have. We are dealing with scientists, who regard whole classes of society much as they would a military obstacle such as a roadblock.

Europe has already known German occupation, and various resistance movements were able to fight back. Military occupation by the Soviets would be something entirely different. And any resistance movement would have to be something entirely different also. The Gestapo hunted individuals; it used normal police and detective methods—together with some sadism. In a way, the Germans were old-fashioned in their concern for ferreting out individuals. The Russians would not be concerned with the individuals. They would act preventively, by making society aseptic. They would liquidate whole classes before any individuals in these classes could make a move against them.

The intellectuals would be the first to go, and next would be the revolutionaries—that it to say, all those who do not understand that the revolution has already taken place, once and for all, in Russia, and that the Russians don't want any more revolutions. Anyone who wants a revolution is now a counter-revolutionary; he has a disease that is effectively treated in Siberian concentration camps. And then the landowners will go—that is to say, anyone who owns even the smallest of farms, anyone who possesses some land. For these people are, of course, incurable; they are "kulaks." Finally, the elderly must go, that is to say, those who can no longer produce. The bourgeois and the peasant cannot mend their ways, and so they are not worth bothering with; it is best to eliminate them entirely and make way for youth. This sort of social therapy produces results.

Enforced Hegiras

If all this isn't enough to stamp out any possibility of trouble, the Russians would proceed to the massive transfer of whole populations, regardless of class distinction. In their system, it is always a good idea to transplant men from one place to another now and then, for then they become more pliable, less rebellious. They can be shaped at will. Military experts will probably claim that such massive transfers are entirely impossible because too many trains would be needed. How, they will ask, could such great numbers of people on the move be fed?

But the polite arithmetic of logistics is valid only in western terms. The Soviet command has found rough and easy ways to simplify such problems. One need only note how the Russians handled the German territories handed over to Poland. Eight million Germans once lived in those territories; five million Poles live there now, and the Germans are gone. The Russians simply announced that on a given day at a given hour no one was to be there—or else.

Pushing their handcarts and wheelbarrows, the Germans departed. The populations themselves attended to all the problems of logistics—they managed to eat or they starved; they slept in houses or on the roadside; they reached their destinations or they did not. The problem was solved totally and tidily, without leaving any bothersome traces such as a Polish Corridor or Sudeten Germans.

In this connection we should not forget that Mao Tse-tung has proclaimed in writing that the struggle now going on has for its aim the complete annihilation of the enemy—not in the military sense, but biologically. It must be admitted that for thousands of years strategy has been constantly moving toward this logical concept. In the time of Louis XIV a victorious army was quite satisfied if it could proudly set up its tents and go to sleep. But then came a revolutionary general named Napoleon, unrefined enough to pursue the retreating enemy and exploit every tactical advantage. He had not gone to the better schools.

There is one last step to be taken. Since battles and wars and victory itself are only means and not ends, it follows that it would be supremely advantageous if it were possible to annihilate the enemy without undertaking the cost and the risk of battle. The object would be to liquidate the enemy without having to defeat him. In this sense, Stalin's peace propaganda is entirely sincere. If he can reach his aim by less costly and less hazardous methods, he is not apt to go to war merely to satisfy any medieval admiration for armed gallantry.

Against the Communist methods it would be useless and dangerous to suppose that an occupied country could oppose the Russians with any resistance movement of the 1940-1944 model, even with modern improvements.

Even in the last war, blowing up railroad tracks and electric power plants meant that the civilian populations had to pay a heavy price when the Germans retaliated. But if retaliation comes to mean exile and liquidation for huge masses of the civilian population, it will be difficult to justify an active resistance movement. Moreover, since a resistance movement must depend on local help and supplies it would no longer be possible to create one.

MILITARY occupation is not the only method by which a nation can be brought to its knees. There is an ultimate possibility that must be considered. The Soviets might bring millions or tens of millions of Asians into Europe—opening the ethnic dikes and drowning a continent's population. When one starts thinking in such terms, the possibilities are limitless.

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'The Business of Business Is Business'

J. K. GALBRAITH

IS ANYBODY LISTENING? By William H. Whyte and the Editors of *Fortune*. Drawings by Robert Osborn. *Simon and Schuster. $3.00*

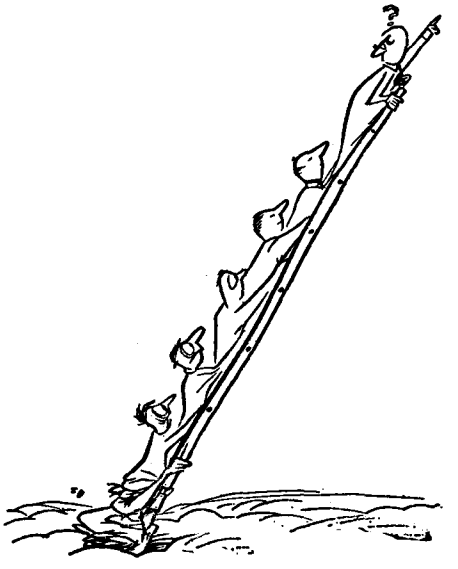
WHATEVER the virtues of *Fortune* (and as a former member of its faculty I am largely disqualified as a critic), it must be agreed that it occasionally comes up with some exceedingly well-researched and decidedly novel social comment. It never did better than in the articles on "Communication," which it launched a couple of years ago and which are here gathered into a book.

The word "communication," incidentally, must not be taken too seriously. Most of the book is, in fact, concerned with the way in which at least one section of modern corporate management arranges to put its foot in its mouth, or its nose in other people's affairs. The capacity for doing this, Mr. Whyte's researchers show, is truly impressive. If executives follow his advice they will err henceforth on the side of leaving people—both their own employees and the public at large—as severely alone as the normal conduct of business allows.

'Selling' Free Enterprise

Two of the subjects treated in the book —the efforts of business leaders to sell rugged individualism to the public and their efforts to suppress inconvenient individuality in the wives of their own executives—attracted wide attention when first published. Mr. Whyte begins here with the first of these subjects. In response to such clarion calls as that of N.A.M. President Claude A. Putnam ("Today's challenge, today's dire necessity, is to sell—to resell, if you will—to free Americans the philosophy that has kept us and our economy free"), corporations have been spending around $100 million annually on advertising and public- and employee-relations programs. Mr. Whyte concludes, with admirable succinctness, that "it is not worth a damn." Moreover he discovered, in sampling a hundred representative businessmen, that a large majority of those holding opinions on the matter agreed, some of them with profane vehemence. They hadn't protested, apparently because each assumed himself to be in a hopeless minority.

The futility of the free-enterprise campaign, in Mr. Whyte's view, is no misfortune. It might be if the American economy were threatened by any substantial number of dissidents organized to promote any reasonably plausible alternative. He doesn't think this is so, and it would be hard to find evidence that he is wrong. The alarm of those who appeal for a reaffirmation of the free-enterprise faith, he concludes, arises mostly from the failure of Americans to vote Republican in adequate numbers. It would be neither tactful nor wholly legal to advise the common man to get behind Senator Taft, so in effect it is the Senator's ideas or some reasonable facsimile thereof that must be sold.



My own guess is that the alarm arises more out of the fact that the American economy conforms so poorly to the available stereotypes but seems to work withal. However that may be, the merchandising of the ideas behind it turns out to be a next to impossible job. Talent which deals brilliantly with Lucky Strikes is less successful when switched to economics. In principle, it should be possible to say of democracy that *It Satisfies* or of free competition that it sells for *Six Per Cent Less*, but for some reasons such slogans in this context carry no real conviction. In explaining things more fully, the copywriter discovers that he can't be quite sure of what he is selling.

Difficulty of Definition

The concept of free enterprise, as popularly employed, is rather easily defined. It means only so much government interference in the economy as the individual using the term finds convenient. But this simple definition means tariffs to some people and not to others, and resale-price maintenance to

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those who call it fair trade but not to those who call it price fixing. It includes subsidies for second-class mail, the airlines, and the shipping companies, but not subsidies as such. It must be stretched to allow support prices to farmers and an RFC loan to a company presided over by the chairman of the Republican National Committee, for both are pillars of the system, but it cannot endorse general monkeying with prices or the socialization of industrial lending. In the face of these problems, it becomes exceedingly difficult to explain free enterprise. At best it is as though an adman had to write copy for Ivory soap but stipulate that it is only 55 98/100 per cent pure.

Finally there is a question of to whom the copy is to be addressed. As Mr. Whyte points out, this has necessitated the use of another stereotype—that of the average American. The average American, as is well known, was born, like Tom Sawyer or Melville Goodwin, in a small town with shady streets and an idyllic swimming hole. He had access to the world's finest commercial sages, in the person of his grandfather or the men behind the counters of the drug, grocery, and dry-goods stores. Since there were no doubts about free enterprise in this Auburn, it has seemed obvious to the salesmen (I am here taking some liberties with Mr. Whyte's argument) that if the average American could be reminded strongly enough of his origins and its values he would return to its economic faiths, even were these left undefined.

Mr. Whyte points out that most Americans do not live on Main Street and never did—they were brought up or live on Pulaski Boulevard Extension or, in a sizable minority of cases, Ireland, Germany, Hungary, Lithuania, or wherenot. The author might have added that those who were born in small towns are likely to retain the most vivid recollections, not of the small enterprisers who worked hard and kept their mouths shut, but of the more glamorous wastrels around the poolroom and barbershop. They were certainly the self-anointed heroes in the Canadian village near which I was born. Their sage lesson for the young was that anyone who worked hard and saved his money was a fool.

For Export Only

While he is on the problem of selling the American system, Mr. Whyte looks briefly into the problem of merchandising it in foreign markets, where he finds the product isn't moving well either. In our enthusiasm for getting ahead with the task of explaining the United States to the world, he believes, we have scorned interpretation and plumped for the pragmatic and concrete—"the miles of cement, the telephones and the cars laid end to end." This, he suggests, has made us seem even as materialistic as the Marxists allege.

He may be right, although I have been inclined to think that we have a serious problem of false stereotypes here—a point which he implies but does not stress. Especially on economic matters in recent years, we have developed a version of American capitalism which is strictly for export. (No serious American politician would ever stand on it as a platform.) It contains all the classic ingredients—uninhibited competition, freedom from government restraint, hell-for-leather enterprise, and devil take the hindmost.

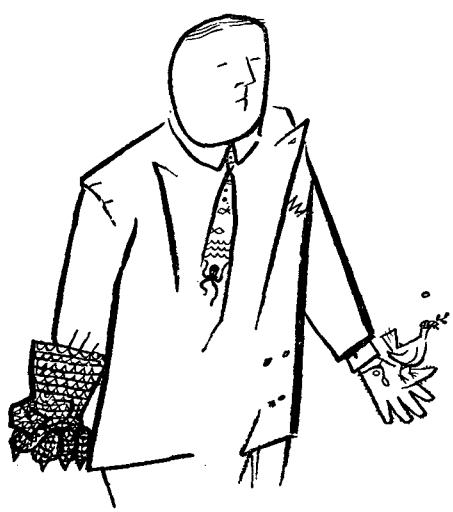
Weakness of the Myth

The more uncritical business spokesmen in particular have been at pains to tell Europeans that this is the way we are, or want to be, and some approximation to this vision has been standard for a good many others. To most Europeans it brings to mind only a picture of an economic system they have learned to fear, if not to hate. The truth, which is that the American economy involves an intricate blend of private decision making and social restraints, would have been far more appealing. But in talking to Europe we stress not the truth or even what Europeans would buy. We deal in the fiction that we ourselves find satisfying or dramatic.

Mr. Whyte points out what a good many others must by now have observed, that even the most skeptical Europeans who spend a few months in the United States go home in a reasonably durable mood of friendship. This is notably true of trade-unionists, and it seems likely that we even make some dent on the intellectuals. Hospitality may have something to do with this, but I suspect it is mostly because the reality which is seen here is far more attractive than the stereotype promulgated abroad. Mr. Whyte's solution is to minimize the effort to interpret the United States and bring as many people as possible to see for themselves. As a practical matter he may be right, although we might learn something about ourselves in the search for an interpretation which stresses the reality rather than the myth.

'On to Orwell'

In the second half of his book Mr. Whyte turns from the problem of selling the American personality to a truly formidable range of activities which, were they to succeed, would surely destroy it. As sponsored by at least some corporations, these include such things as the denaturing and mechanization of the English language in the interest of business communication; efforts to condition, harmonize, and otherwise subject the corporate executive or employee to "social engineering"; and, most fascinating of all, the effort to regiment, depersonalize, and dealco-



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holize the corporation wife and harness her more effectively to the service of top management.

Some of this invasion of privacy, one senses, comes to little more than the work of official busybodies. Such people have always been with us, and they exist partly because other people are so committed to their careers, are so worshipful of success that they lack the moral fiber to tell the intruders to go to hell. Somewhat more disturbing is the fad, which Mr. Whyte uncovers, for social-science and social pseudo-service techniques in some modern corporations. Group psychotherapy, social physics, nondirective therapy, and a host of other mouth-filling "disciplines" are now being brought to bear on the executive and employee in what the author calls "one great cumulative assault on the perversity of man." The slogan is "On to Orwell."

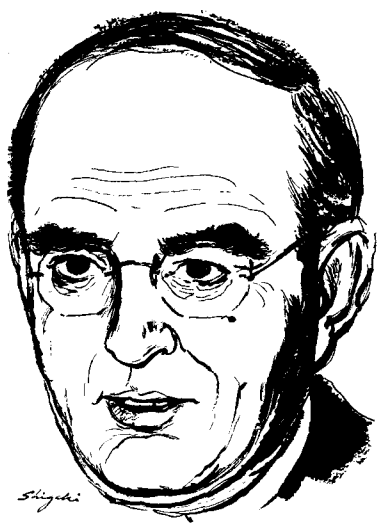
Although Mr. Whyte insists on his standing as a layman, he is a keen and appreciative student of social psychology and related social sciences. This is not a "know-nothing" attack which dismisses all applied social science as wordy mumbo-jumbo. Accordingly, his concern over the use and misuses of these subjects must be taken seriously. Yet my own disposition is not to be too alarmed. For one thing, even the best techniques fall far short of dealing in any serious way with man's perversities. One can assume, moreover, that a fair number of the social engineers Whyte has uncovered are elaborate charlatans who have sold themselves to some susceptible vice-president.

It would be unfortunate, as the author suggests, were the reaction from this pseudo science to discourage all efforts by businessmen to get a better understanding of human behavior and to deal more understandingly with people. At the same time, the burden of Mr. Whyte's book is that some reaction is overdue. Business concerns long since learned that they must not shove people around; they may now need to learn not to nudge them, especially where private lives are concerned.

More generally, Whyte is arguing that modern corporations, or some of them, are forgetting that the primary business of business is business. It is not universal public enlightenment, evangelism, or the reconstruction of humans into a more standardized or more malleable form. That's a good point.

Vandenberg and the Bipartisan Honeymoon

McGEORGE BUNDY



THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF SENATOR VANDENBERG, edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.00.*

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG served as a United States Senator for twenty-three years. Nothing in the first seventeen years of that service gave him a title to magnitude. He was honest, vain, limited, Senatorial, and isolationist. Yet between January, 1945, and his death in April, 1951, he made a record which may well make him the most important and valuable Senator in our history. It is therefore a matter of real satisfaction that less than a year after his death we have a book which shows how he did it.

The Senator's son, assisted by two able journalists, Joe Alex Morris and John L. Steele, and by Francis O. Wilcox, who was chief of staff to his father's committee, has made of the Vandenberg papers one of the outstanding political documents of recent years. Beginning at Pearl Harbor, the book shows in detail how during the war years the Senator slowly changed his mind about the nature of American foreign relations. The editor gives a thorough account of the famous speech of January 10, 1945—the one in which, without embarrassment or apology, Vandenberg made plain his gradually matured conviction that there could be no peace without "maximum American cooperation." This speech, somewhat to the Senator's surprise, made an enormous stir and opened the way to a career of responsible action.

The book continues with a narrative of the events from the 1945 United Nations Conference at San Francisco to the Atlantic pact. This account is sometimes too close and detailed for the general reader, but nearly all of it is helpful in understanding Vandenberg's work and purpose. And in the closing chapters, which are made powerful by their reticence, the editor shows the suffering, and the grim political consequences of the Senator's long last illness.

Of MacArthur and Taft

This book was evidently prepared with several purposes, and it may accordingly be read in many ways. First, it has a bearing on the 1952 campaign, for Vandenberg had experience with many whose names have been mentioned in recent months. For example, in 1944 he made a fool of himself by leading a campaign for General MacArthur, and his son has not hesitated to show him in the act; he also shows, however, how MacArthur's own folly in approving violent right-wing opinion finally opened Vandenberg's eyes.

Similarly, Vandenberg worked for years with Senator Taft in mutual respect and friendliness, but these papers make it plain that the difference between the two men on foreign affairs was basic, not incidental. And no one has explained the Taft of 1952 better than Vandenberg, in this simple state-

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ment of 1947: "Evidently I am to have some degree of trouble with Bob Taft. . . . [we] have to have a presidential election next year. . . . That must be what's biting Robert. . . ."

The larger significance of this book for the campaign, however, lies in the editor's deliberate and largely successful effort to show that his father, if alive, would be for Ike. The book leaves no doubt that Vandenberg regarded Eisenhower as the outstanding spokesman for the whole pattern of bipartisan policy toward Europe. The younger Vandenberg is a leader in the Eisenhower movement, but in showing his father's attitude, he avoids special pleading and sticks to direct quotations from his written record.

Campaigns sometimes have issues in addition to personalities. Here the Vandenberg papers add only marginally to what was already known of the Senator's convictions. His view of the Russians, of support for Europe, and of the United Nations—all these are plain, and all are within the framework of bipartisan policy as he understood it. There is significant evidence that Vandenberg was ahead of some of his Democratic collaborators (notably Secretary of State James F. Byrnes) in his understanding of the postwar temper; but there is also a fascinating story of F.D.R., in his last days, backing up Vandenberg against the Communists because he was ". . . coming to know the Russians better. . . ."

China: The Vandenberg View

The most important new material on issues deals with Vandenberg's view of China. Here we have, at least in outline, a position which in its moderation and fairness is wholly different from that of the angry partisans of Chiang Kai-shek, while at the same time it offers little comfort to the see-no-error Administration apologists. Vandenberg disapproved of the prolonged effort to secure a working compromise between Chiang and the Communists—though it is worth noticing that most of his complaints, at least in this book, are from hindsight. He sensed a persistent bias in much State Department thinking (though he often liked and respected the men whose judgment he doubted), and he felt in 1949 that it was time to start a new policy.

Yet these views were balanced by a refusal to accept military commitments in China (or even in Formosa, until Korea) and by a frank recognition that there was no easy solution. ". . . China aid at the moment [1949] is like sticking your finger in the lake and looking for the hole. . . ." Moreover, Vandenberg saw that one central element needed for a new policy was missing; late in 1948 he wrote that "the Nationalist Government has failed to reform itself in a fashion calculated to deserve continued popular confidence over there or over here." What are we to think of Senator Knowland's hullaballoo about the Wedemeyer Report when we find that in December, 1948, Vandenberg wrote him of his belief "that its release would have been a serious blow to Chinese-American relations?"

Broader than personalities or issues is the matter of bipartisanship in foreign affairs. No subject has been more misunderstood, and in Vandenberg's work and opinions, if anywhere, we should find some indication of its true meaning and value. Yet it appears that if bipartisanship is a fully-developed theory, its meaning escaped Vandenberg entirely; his one effort at a theoretical examination is a series of questions without answers.

Nor does the record of his actions indicate that any fixed form of participation was a necessary part of his collaboration with the Administration: Sometimes he was involved in every stage of a decision, sometimes he chose a less intimate role, and sometimes

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he was consulted only in a general way. And finally, he was not the only channel of bipartisanship, especially during the campaign of 1948.

The Vandenberg case does show, perhaps, the few extreme limits within which we can speak of bipartisanship as a reality. Clearly when there was agreement on policy and co-operation in pursuing this, there was bipartisanship. In the work for the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic treaty, this co-operation amounted to partnership. But there was also a sort of bipartisanship —and here I stretch the word beyond Mr. Vandenberg's usage—in the handling of matters on which men did not agree at all. Vandenberg and Marshall did not agree on China, but they could differ without loss of mutual respect and friendship. Open disagreement in such cases is indeed a precondition for self respecting co-operation in cases of agreement. All that is required is that the differing persons or parties shall stop short of suspecting each other's motives. In this broad sense, we may say that bipartisanship ends where McCarthyism begins.

The truth of bipartisanship appears, then, to be both simpler and more complicated than the theorists have thought. In essence it seems to have required nothing more complex than a mutual respect based on confidence that both sides would put the national interest ahead of partisan advantage.

When this confidence is shared, all things become possible: when they agree, the Republican Senator and the Democratic Under Secretary can sit down together and write secret cables or Senate resolutions with cordiality; when they disagree, they may do so candidly and without bitterness.

Bipartisanship at the minimum level should be normal; there is nothing natural about a situation in which disagreement on foreign policy is accompanied by charges of treason. Bipartisanship which amounts to partnership is much more unusual, and requires a very high level of mutual trust. To build such trust and teamwork is a long, slow, careful job, involving many concessions to pride and many dangerous conflicts with lesser loyalties. The simple basic rule is clear and sound, but in its application everything turns on men and events.

So we come to the man Vandenberg in the events from 1945 to 1949. How

did he do what he did? He did not do it by powerful and original thinking. No important motor idea throughout this period came from Vandenberg himself. Though he mastered the case for the great actions he supported, and modified many elements of them, he originated nothing; to the end he understood much of his foreign affairs at second hand—as, indeed, so many of us do. To state this weakness even now is not wholly kind, and to state it at all must have been unthinkable for those who worked with the Senator—a simple but considerable vanity fills the pages of this book.

Nor was the eminence and power of the Senator merely the product of his place and seniority, though certainly these helped. From 1945 onward he was easily the first Republican in Congress in all matters of foreign policy, and this could hardly have been true if another man had been the ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. But eminence like Vandenberg's is not guaranteed by seniority, as Senator Wiley now knows and as Senator Connally has recently been demonstrating.

Sympathy for Senators

In an eloquent letter printed in the introduction, Walter Lippmann argues that Vandenberg owed his strength to his great conversion, and this is surely true, at least in part. As we are impressed by the progressive who would limit the powers of government and by the conservative who defends free speech, we are likely to find special force in the "internationalism" of a man who is plainly not a hasty and fogbound do-gooder. Moreover, Vandenberg gained a special advantage in debate and maneuver from the fact that his past gave him a deep understanding of the thinking of those who stood in doubt before a Marshall Plan or an Atlantic Treaty. He had stood in doubt himself before Lend-Lease, and the doubters had his sympathy.

The whole Senate had his sympathy, indeed, and this I think is the last and greatest source of his strength. Senators and the Senate filled his life; he understood them; they understood him. In a poll of newsmen, he was the "most statesmanlike," to be sure, but he was also the "most popular with fellow Senators," and the second of these judgments is the more illuminating. What gave power to his purpose and conviction was his understanding of his fellow legislators.

It is in this light that his speeches and letters should be read. Considered without their audience, they may seem florid and fuzzy, and sometimes even irrelevant. But they did not seem so to Senators, and what men of power understand and accept is strong and pertinent language, whatever pedants say. Vandenberg's arguments were always carefully constructed to deal fairly and sympathetically with matters that seemed important to Senators; in this purpose they were brilliantly successful. Before other audiences the Senator was often less successful; he himself remarked of a speech he delivered to the U.N. Assembly that it was like diving into an empty swimming pool.

His legislation was framed and presented so as to pass—not to gain the approval of any outside "expert." Surely it was no accident that the man who could do these things was a man grown old in the Senate, loving it so that as he sickened he could not bear to leave it in the evenings. This man respected his fellow Senators partly because of a natural generosity, but still more because they were members with him of the United States Senate, and most of all because in understanding himself he understood them. Like his voice, his speech, and his appearance, his mind and character were fully Senatorial.

From the first commitment of 1945 until his death, Arthur Vandenberg grew steadily in disinterested devotion to duty for the right. He was not a creative statesman; he was not above vanity; in speech he was prone to purple opacity; and he was often wrong. But he had the courage to change his mind; he had ability and seniority; he was a Senator's Senator, and he saw the central issues straight. So he became the leading legislative agent in the revolution of our foreign policy.

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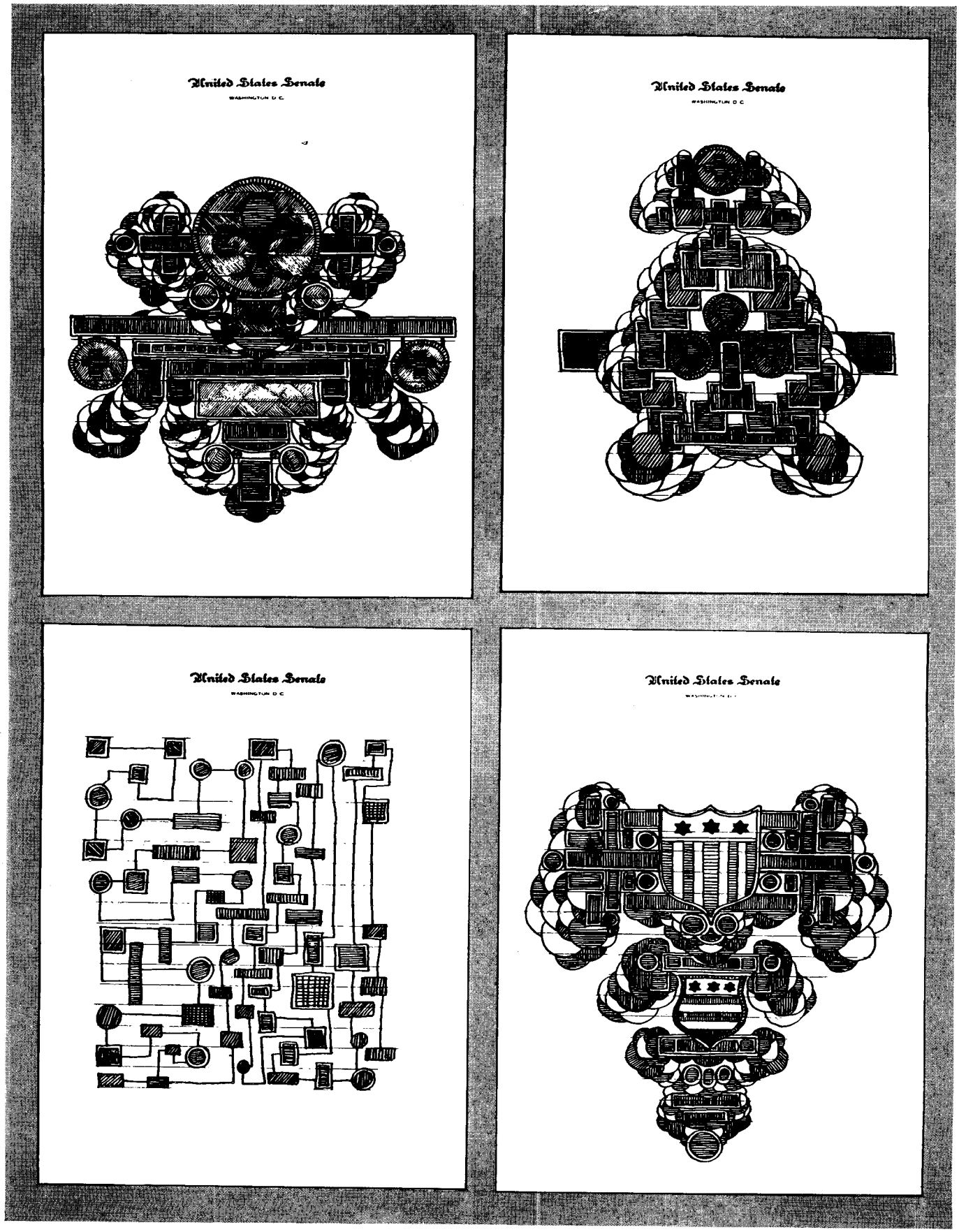

Senator Vandenberg's doodles during debate

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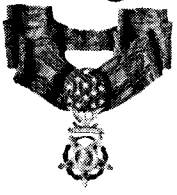
THE LONG AUGUST NIGHT WAS HOT—but not as hot as the bitter fighting that raged about Agok, Korea, in the Naktong River area. Sergeant Kouma, serving as tank commander, was covering the withdrawal of infantry units from the front. Discovering that his tank was the only obstacle in the path of an enemy breakthrough, Sergeant Kouma waged a furious

nine-hour battle, running an eight-mile gantlet *through enemy lines. He finally withdrew to friendly* lines, but not until after his ammunition was exhausted and he had left 250 enemy dead behind him. Even then, although wounded twice, he attempted *to resupply his tank and return to the fighting.*

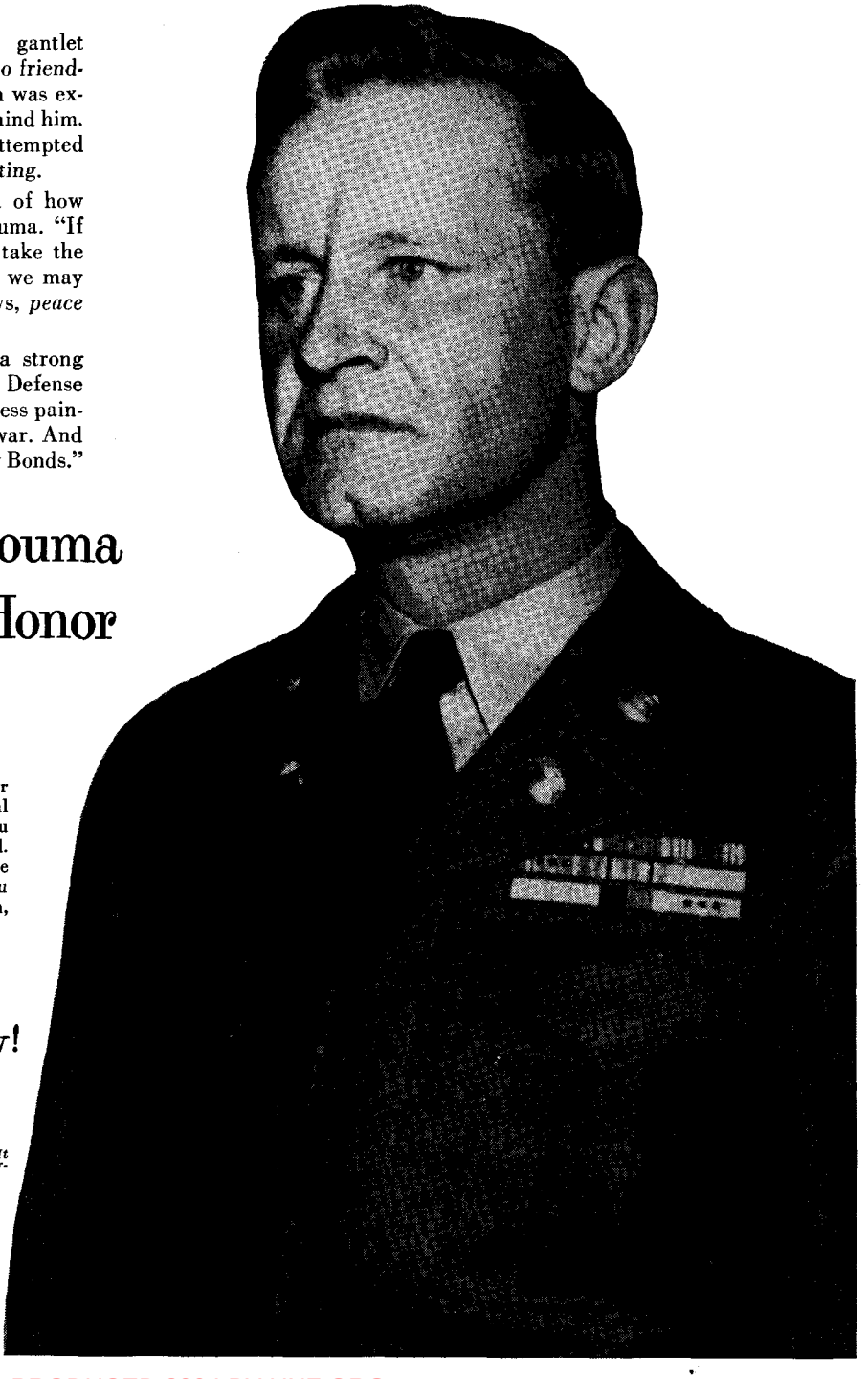
"A withdrawing action is not my idea of how Americans should fight," says Ernest Kouma. "If we must fight, let's be strong enough to take the offensive. In fact, *if we're strong enough*, we may not have to fight at all. Because, nowadays, *peace is for the strong.*

"So let's build our strength—to keep a strong America at peace. You can help by buying Defense Bonds—as many as you can afford. It's far less painful to build for peace than to destroy in war. And *peace* is what you're building when you buy Bonds."

M/Sgt. Ernest R. Kouma



Medal of Honor



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